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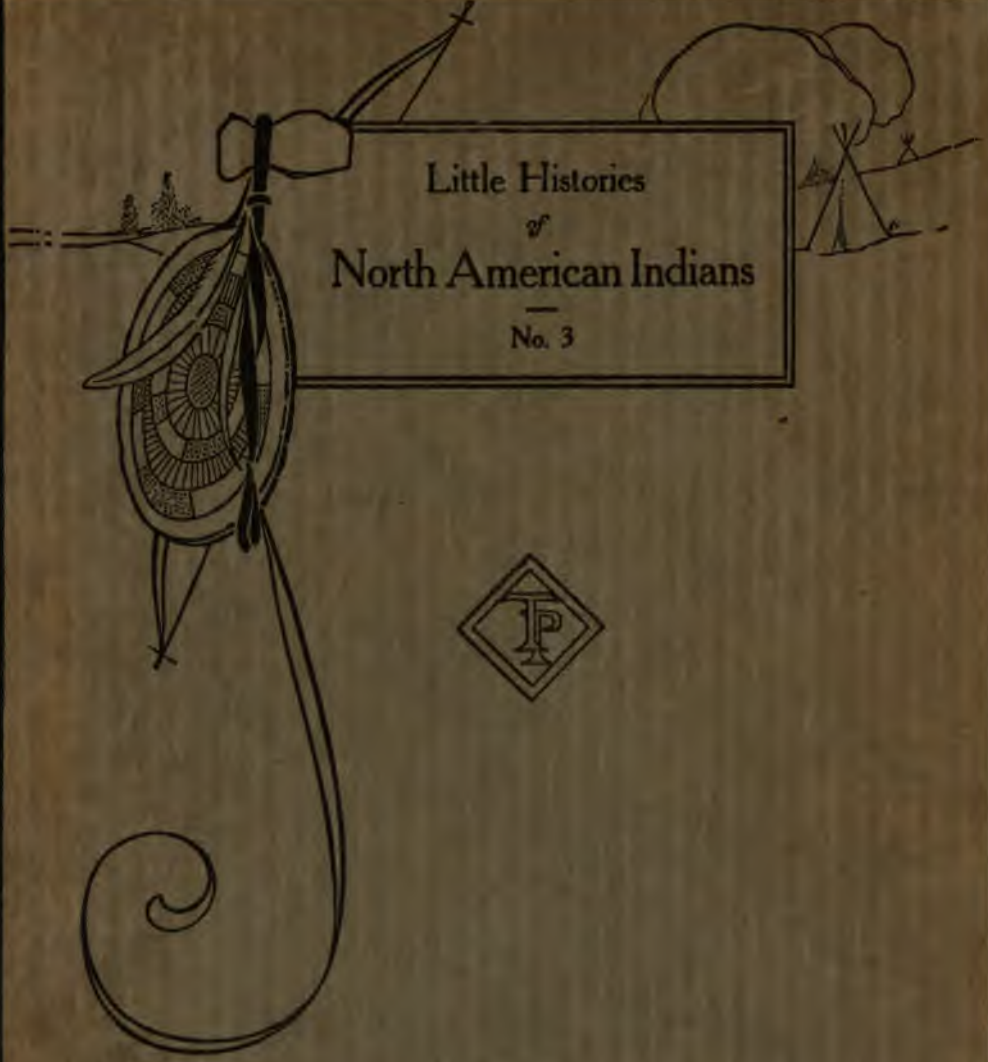
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of
North American Indians

No. 3

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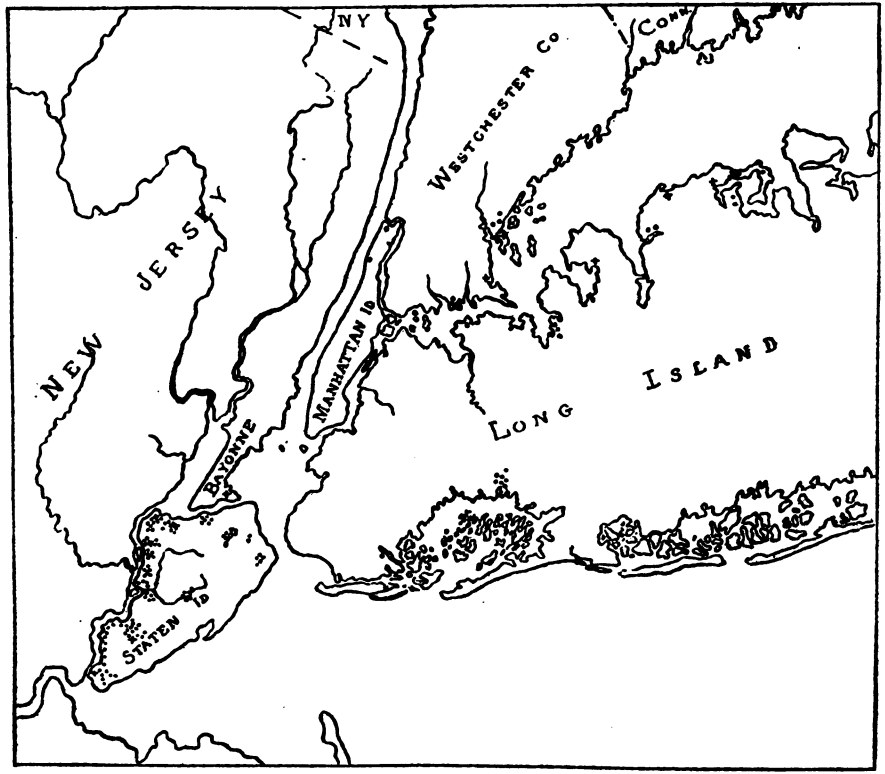
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With a Map of the Region



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I

THE INDIANS OF GREATER NEW YORK

On that fair afternoon in September, 1609, when Hendrick Hudson first steered the *Half Moon* into the channel of the river that was destined to bear his name, the region which is now comprised in Greater New York and its environs was owned and inhabited by a number of loosely confederated Indian bands, all of which belonged to three important tribes — the Delawares, the Mahikans, and the Mohegans.

All three of these nations spoke dialects of the widespread Algonkin tongue, and were closely related to each other in their customs and beliefs. They had resided in the region in which they were first found by white men for several centuries, yet they preserved traditions of a land to the northwest which had been their former home.

Among the archives treasured by historians is a curious document known as the "Walum Olum," or Red Score of the Delawares. This purports to be a copy of an original history of the Delaware nations, which was first painted in red and black picture-writing on slabs of wood, and later reduced to the

Delaware language in English characters. Considerable doubt has been cast upon the authenticity of this document, but there seems to be no real reason why it should not be accepted as genuine. Many of our Eastern Indians formerly used picture writing to express their thoughts, and still more adopted the English alphabet after the coming of the white man, so that it is not unique. Moreover, educated modern Delawares who have seen the manuscript have not hesitated to believe in its genuineness.

The Walum Olum, which has every appearance of having been a song chanted at some of the great ceremonies of the Delawares, first tells of the creation of the world from chaos by the great Manito, and of the first men, who were harassed by an evil Manito in the form of a great snake, which introduced sin into the golden age, until an ancient hero called Nanabush created a great turtle, through whose aid mankind were presently rid of the snake. The rest of the strange legend is concerned principally with the former home of the Delawares, and of their migration.

Apparently the first remembered home of these Indians was somewhere in the northeast, perhaps in Labrador, where, in the words of the Walum Olum: "It freezes where they abode, it snows where they abode, it storms where they abode, it is cold where they abode." Since these conditions were so unfavorable they decided to migrate to the south, and set out on their travels.

After a long journey to the southwest they arrived at a broad expanse of water, where there were many islands and quantities of fish — perhaps the Great Lakes. At this point they crossed the water on the ice. "On the wonderful, slippery water, on the stone-hard water all went, on the great tidal sea, the muscle-bearing sea, ten thousand at night, all in one night, to the Snake Island, to the east, at night, they walk and walk, all of them," says the old chronicle. Once across the water they settled and lived for some time in a land of spruces and learned to cultivate corn; but restless spirits urged them to move more to the eastward, and so at last they shifted again, coming into what seems to have been the Ohio Valley.

Here they met the Talega — thought to have been the modern Cherokees — who dwelt in strongly fortified villages. There is, according to the best authorities, very good reason for supposing that these Cherokees were the mysterious "Mound-builders" of fact and fancy, whose remains have so long puzzled the layman. As a matter of fact, there is no doubt but the mounds were built by Indians, and the traditions of both the Cherokees and the Delawares point to the former as the makers of the mysterious earthworks which dot the valley of the Ohio. Many tribes preserve stories of mounds built by them in former times; others, like the Iroquois of western New York, have built earthworks well within the historic period,

and articles of European manufacture have been found in many mounds.

With the help of the Hurons, the Delawares finally overthrew and drove out the Cherokees and lived in abundance in their fertile territory. Perhaps the Indians increased too rapidly in this pleasant country, perhaps they warred over their possessions; but at all events, a division occurred, and various bands split off from the main body and started out in different directions to seek their fortunes elsewhere.

Among these, two groups — subsequently known as the Nanticokes and the Shawnees — went to the south. The main body journeyed eastward until they came to the salt water, probably in New Jersey. Part of these went northward up the Hudson almost to Albany, where they were halted by the Mohawk villages, formidable outposts of the Iroquois league. These wanderers were probably the tribe afterwards known as the Mahikans, or "Wolves." The rest of the Delawares settled down along the Delaware River in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and ranging northward around the west shore of New York Bay and the Hudson as far north as Saugerties, they again met the Mahikans, who had preceded them.

Here our information, so far as the Walum Olum is concerned, is at an end, but from the traditions preserved by the remnant of the Mohegan tribe — still residing in New London County, Connecticut — a little more has been gleaned.

According to their story, the Pequots, whose wars with the New England colonists made them famous, sprang from the Mahikans, and, later, a band of renegades under the leadership of Uncas, revolted from them and settled down between the parent tribe and the Hudson, on the Thames, Yantic, and Quinnebaug Rivers, north of Long Island Sound. These malcontents, remembering their traditional descent from the Mahikans, called themselves by this name, pronouncing it, in their dialect, "Mohegan."

When the early settlers arrived at Manhattan, they found these tribes in possession and came in contact with their various local bands. To enumerate all of these is useless, save for the archaeologist, but it may be of interest to consider the more prominent of the local groups within the area under discussion.

The Delaware tribe was split into three bodies. First of these was the Munsey or Minsi ("The Mountaineers"), who dwelt largely in the Hudson Highlands and the mountains near the headwaters of the Delaware. Bands of this division lived along the west bank of the Hudson for some distance. The second, the Unami, also lived south of the Minsi along the Delaware River in central New Jersey, and beyond them dwelt the Unalachtigo, with whom we need not concern ourselves.

The most important of the Minsi sub-bands in this region were the Esopus, who held the west bank of the Hudson near Kingston; and the Wappingers, who

dwelt on both banks of the stream farther down. These tribes are often spoken of by the early settlers.

Of the Unami, a larger number of bands are important. The Haverstraws lived on the west bank of the Hudson in the locality which bears their name. The Tappans dwelt also on the west shore of the river from the Hackensack River north. They once claimed a part of Staten Island. The Aquackanonks resided from near the vicinity of Paterson, N. J., westward. The Hackensacks were found in the valleys of the Passaic and Hackensack Rivers southward to the north shore of Staten Island, and the Raritans or Assanhicans dwelt on the southern part of Staten Island.

As for the Manhattans or Reckgawawancs, as they are sometimes called, there is some little doubt as to whether they were a Mohegan or a Delaware band. The evidence seems to show that they were a subtribe of the Unami Delawares. They also occupied part of the mainland nearby.

The Mohegan peoples held Westchester County and the east shore of the Hudson. Of these the most important were the Siwanoys, who lived along the coast to and beyond the Connecticut boundary; the Weckquaesgecks, who dwelt in the vicinity of Yonkers; and the Sintsincts, who resided on the east banks of the Hudson to the north of them.

Long Island was occupied by a group of tribes quite closely related to the Mohegans. They formed

a small independent confederacy, often termed the Matouwacks. They were so much alike that there is reason for supposing that they were one tribe.

The Canarsies lived in the vicinity of Brooklyn, the Matinecocks from Flushing to Glen Cove and Oyster Bay, and the Rockaways in the neighborhood of Rockaway beach and eastward.

There were numerous other small bands, the most interesting to us being the Poosepahtucks, the Shinnecocks, and the Montauks, a few mongrel descendants of whom still linger on the eastern end of Long Island near Poosepahtuck, Montauk, and Southampton.

II

THE INDIANS AND THEIR LIFE

The sources of our information on the appearance, manners, and customs of our local Indians are far from satisfactory, although we have three means of reconstructing their old life. These are, first, the accounts left us by the early settlers; second, the remains of their arts and handicrafts, which abound in the soil; third, the statements of surviving natives.

The first of these is very meagre, for our forefathers were far too busy fighting the savages to bother with writing about them. The second source is very one-sided, for it shows us only the more imperishable of their tools and utensils; and, in the case of the third, the Indians themselves have been so much modified by contact with the whites that they have lost or forgotten much of their old time ways. By the aid of all three of these methods, however, we are enabled to gain an insight into the life of the aborigines whose birthright we enjoy.

In the "Remonstrances of New Netherland, and the Occurrences there, addressed to the High and Mighty Lords States General of the United Netherlands, By

the People of New Netherlands,"[1] there is a very good description of our Indians.

The natives are generally well limbed, slender around the waist, broad shouldered; all having black hair and brown eyes; they are very nimble and swift of pace, well adapted to travel on foot and to carry heavy burdens; they are dirty and slovenly in all their habits; make light of all sorts of hardships, being by nature from youth upward accustomed thereunto. They resemble Brazilians in color, or are as tawny as those people who sometimes ramble through Netherland and are called Gipsies. Generally, the men have very little or no beard, some even pluck it out; they use few words, which they previously well consider. Naturally they are quite modest, without guile and inexperienced, but in their way haughty enough, ready and quick-witted to comprehend or learn, be it good or bad, what ever they are most inclined to.

In the Journal of David Pieterz De Vries (1665),[2] there is the following description:

The Indians about here are tolerably stout, have black hair, with a long lock, which they let hang on one side of the head. The hair is shorn at the top like a cock's comb. . . Some of the women are very well featured, having long countenances. Their hair hangs loose from their head; they are very foul and dirty.

On the 22nd of September, 1676, Dankers and

[1] O'Callaghan, *Documentary History of New York*, Vol. 1, p. 281.

[2] De Vries, David Peterson: *Voyages from Holland to America.* N. Y., 1853; p. 154 *et seq.*

Sluyter, two traveling preachers of an old religious sect — the Labadists — after a voyage of nearly four months in the good ship *Charles*, saw at the Narrows off Staten Island,

> . . . some Indians upon the beach with a canoe, and others coming down the hill. As we tacked about we came close to the shore, and called out to them to come on board the ship. The Indians came on board and we looked upon them with wonder. They are dull of comprehension, slow of speech, bashful, but otherwise bold of person and red of skin. They wear something in front of them over the thighs, and a piece of duffels like a blanket around the body, and that is all the clothing they have. Their hair hangs down from their heads in strings, well smeared with fat, and sometimes with quantities of little beads twisted in it out of pride. They have thick lips and thick noses, but not fallen in like the negroes, heavy eyebrows or eyelids, brown or black eyes, and all of them black hair and thick tongues. After they had obtained some biscuit and had amused themselves climbing here and there, they also received some brandy to taste which they drank excessively, and threw it up again. They then went ashore in their canoes, and we, having a better breeze, sailed ahead handsomely.

The picture which the word "Indian" conjures up to most of us is that of a tall, dark, austere man wearing a splendid trailing headdress of eagle feathers, a buckskin shirt ornamented with the scalps of his enemies, and leggings and moccasins of leather. Indeed we are accustomed to seeing pictures of the purchase

of Manhattan Island by the Dutch, in which the natives are all represented in this picturesque garb, which, as a matter of fact, is the costume worn only by the Sioux and other tribes of the Western plains, and is as foreign to the Indians of the woodlands as can be imagined.

By far the commonest headdress among all our local tribes was, to make a bull, none at all. As has been pointed out, the men often shaved their heads and left standing a ridge of hair, like a gigantic cock's comb, several inches high and two or three fingers broad, running from the forehead to the nape of the neck. This they often made longer and more ferocious by the addition of dyed deer's hair.[3] The elab-

[3] In 1902, old Wickham Cuffee, one of the last surviving Indians on the Shinnecock Reservation, Shinnecock Hills, Long Island, told the writer that the "long ago people," who had no metal tools, used to singe the hair off the head by rubbing it with red hot stones. This was difficult to accept as any thing more than a mere fancy, until a statement made by Catlin (*North American Indians*; Vol. II, p. 23) was found which seems to settle the matter. Catlin says that the custom of shaving the head and roaching the hair was practiced by the Osage, Pawnee, Sauk & Fox, and Iowa, and among no other nations of whom he knew, and he adds: "I found these people cutting off their hair with small scissors, which they purchased of the fur traders; and they told me that previous to getting scissors, they cut it away with their knives; and before they got knives, they were in the habit of burning it off with red hot stones, which was a very slow and painful operation."

orate eagle feather headdress was unknown to all Delaware, Mohegan, and Iroquois tribes.

Shirts were also a minus quantity. Most of the Indians, men and women, went naked to the waist, wrapping a skin about the upper part of the body in cold weather. From the words of an eyewitness [4] we learn:

The women ornament themselves more than the men. And although the winters are very severe, they go naked until their thirteenth year; the lower parts of the girls' bodies only are covered. All wear around the waist a girdle made of a fin of a whale or of seawant (wampum). The men wear between the legs a lap of duffels cloth, or leather, half an ell broad and nine quarters long; so that a square piece hangs over the buttocks and in front over the belly. The women wear a petticoat midway down the leg, very richly ornamented with seawant, so that the garment sometimes costs three hundred guilders. They also wrap the naked body in a deer skin, the tips (edges) of which swing with points (fringe). A long robe fastened at the right shoulder by a knot, at the waist by a girdle, served the men and women for an upper ornament, and by night for a bed cover. Both go, for the most part, bare headed. The women bind their hair in a plait, over which they draw a square cap, thickly interwoven with seawant. They decorate the ornaments for the forehead with the same stuff. Around the neck and arms they wear bracelets of seawant, and some around the waist. Shoes (moccasins) and

[4] Arnoldus Montanus (1671); O'Callaghan: *Documentary History of New York.*

stockings (leggings) were made of elk hides before the *Hollanders* settled here. Others even made shoes of straw, but since some time they prefer Dutch shoes and stockings.

Several of these articles of apparel are still found among one or two of the tribes of the Middle West who have not yet become completely civilized. The curious cap drawn over the women's plaited hair is still to be seen among the Menomini, Sauk and Fox, and Winnebago, though leather has been supplanted by cloth and wampum by glass beads.

In the "Remonstrance of New Netherlands," there is another account that is worth repeating.

The clothing as well of men as of women consists of a piece of duffels, or of deerskin leather or elkhide around the body, to cover their nakedness. Some have a bearskin of which they make doublets; others again, coats of the skins of raccoons, wild cats, wolves, dogs, fishers, squirrels, beavers, and the like; and they even have made themselves some of turkey feathers; now they make use for the most part of duffels cloth which they obtain in trade from the Christians; they make their stockings and shoes of deerskins or elkhides, some even have shoes of cornhusks, whereof they also make sacks. . . . They twine both white and black wampum around their heads; formerly they were not wont to cover these, but now they are beginning to wear bonnets or caps, which they purchase from the Christians; they wear Wampum in their ears, around the neck, and around the waist, and thus in their way are mighty fine. They have also long deers-hair which is dyed red, whereof they make

ringlets to encircle the head; and other fine hair of the same color, which hangs around the neck in braids, whereof they are very vain. They frequently smear their skin and hair with all sorts of grease.

De Vries, who probably knew the Indians better than any other white man of his time, gives a brief description in his Journal.

I will state something of the nations about Fort Amsterdam; as the Hackinsack, Tapaense, and Wickquasgeckse Indians; and these are embraced within one, two, three, or four miles of the entrance of the river. . . Their clothing is a coat of beaver-skins, over the body, with fur inside in winter, and outside in summer; they have, also, sometimes a bear's hide, or coat of the skins of wild cats, or *hefspanen* (raccoons). . . They also wear coats of turkey's feathers, which they know how to put together; but since our Netherland Nation has traded here they trade their beavers for duffels cloth, which we give for them, and which they find more suitable than beavers, as they consider it better for rain.

What a treasure to the artist and scholar alike one of those beautiful old turkey-feather cloaks would be! But alas, our forefathers have not preserved for us a single piece of these handsome costumes which they describe. The Iroquois of Western New York still make many curious articles of corn-husks. Mats, mattresses, bottles, and even masks for their sacred ceremonials are still woven by them from this odd material, and there are one or two pairs of Iroquois corn-husk moccasins still in existence.

During the Civil War, when nitre to make gunpowder was needed in the South, the powder makers were obliged to seek it in certain of the great caves of Kentucky. Here, preserved by the chemicals in the soil, they found numerous dessicated bodies of long dead Indians, and several of these were wrapped in turkey-feather cloaks, which must have been much like those of the old Manhattans and their neighbors. In addition, several pairs of moccasins, woven from corn-husks, were also disinterred, and some of these are still in existence in museums, although the feather robes have been destroyed.

Like all Indians, and, indeed, like the ancient British and Celtic tribes, the natives hereabouts loved to paint their dusky skins. "Their pride," says De Vries, "is to paint their faces strangely with red or black lead, so that they look like fiends. They are then valiant, yea they say they are Manette, the devil himself." The women "sometimes paint their faces and draw a black ring around their eyes."

Another old writer says:

Their ornaments consist of scoring their bodies, or painting them of various colors, sometimes entirely black, if they are in mourning; but mostly the face.

Long before the name of the Turkish bath was ever heard of, there was a similar custom almost universally practiced among our Indians. De Vries says:

When they wish to cleanse themselves of their foulness, they go in the autumn, when it begins to grow

cold, and make, away off, near a running brook, a small oven, large enough for three or four men to lie in it. In making it, they first take twigs of trees, and then cover them tight with clay, so that smoke cannot escape. This being done, they take a parcel of stones, which they heat in a fire, and then put in the oven, and when they think that it is sufficiently hot, they take the stones out again, and go and lie in it, men and women, boys and girls, and come out so perspiring that every hair has a drop of sweat on it. In this state they spring into the cold water; saying that it is healthy, but I let its healthfulness pass. They then become entirely clean, and are more attractive than before.

Tattooing was also frequent, among the Delawares at least, and there are accounts of some of the old men who even at a much later time than this were covered with figures representing their exploits in war.

The Indians hereabouts knew nothing of the conical, painted tipi, so largely used by the tribes of the Plains and of northern Canada. Their dwellings were mostly of two kinds, the commoner of which was a round, dome-shaped lodge. The other was a long, angular house, not unlike the famous long house of the Iroquois. The dome-shaped house, according to some of the surviving Shinnecock Indians of Long Island, was made of poles bent over and stuck into the ground. Other poles were bent crosswise over these, and the saplings were lashed together where they intersected. The framework was then thatched

with grass, or covered with bark, or mats made of reeds. A hole was left at the top, in the center, directly over the fire, for the smoke to escape, and a little circular bench was made all around the inside of the wall for the inhabitants to sit or sleep upon.

These houses usually averaged thirty feet in circumference, and, contrary to what one would imagine, they were water-tight when well-made and were said to be warm, even in winter. To this latter statement I heartily agree, for I have often lived for considerable periods of time in the lodges of some of the surviving Western tribes, whose wigwams were similar in every respect to those of the Shinnecocks and Manhattans.

Again in the "Remonstrance" there is a description which apparently refers to houses of this sort.

Their dwellings are constructed of hickory poles set in the ground and bent bow fashion, like arches, and then covered with bark which they peel in quantities for that purpose. Some, but principally the chiefs' houses, have inside, portraits and pictures somewhat rudely carved. When fishing and hunting they lie under the blue sky, or little better. They do not remain long in one place, but remove several times a year and repair, according to the season, to wherever foods appears to them, before hand, best and easiest to be obtained.

Good old Dankers and Sluyter, the Labadist preachers, of whom we have already spoken, tell of a house of another kind which they saw at "Najack" — our Fort Hamilton, Long Island — in 1676.

We soon heard a noise of pounding like threshing, and went to the place whence it proceeded, and found there an old Indian woman busily employed beating Turkish beans out of the pods by means of a stick, which she did with astonishing force and dexterity. Gerrit [the guide] inquired of her in the Indian language, which he spoke perfectly well, how old she was, and she answered eighty years; at which we were still more astonished that so old a woman should still have so much strength and courage to work as she did. We went thence to her habitation, where we found the whole troop together, consisting of seven or eight families, and twenty or twenty-two persons. Their house was low and long, about sixty feet long and fourteen or fifteen feet wide.

The bottom was earth, the sides and roof were made of reeds and bark of chestnut trees stuck in the ground and all fastened together. The ridge of the roof was open about half a foot wide from end to end in order to let the smoke escape, in place of a chimney. On the sides of the house the roof was so low that you could hardly stand under it. The entrances which were at both ends were so small that they had to stoop down and squeeze themselves to get through them. The doors were made of reed or flat bark. In the whole building there was no iron, stone, lime, or lead.

They build their fire in the middle of the floor, according to the number of the families, so that from one end to the other each boils its own pot and eats what it likes, not only the families by themselves, but each Indian alone when he is hungry, at all hours, morning, noon, and night. By each fire are the cooking utensils, consisting of a pot, a bowl or calabash and a spoon, also made of calabash. These are all that relate to cooking. They lie upon mats, with their

feet towards the fire on each side of it. They do not sit much upon anything raised up, but, for the most part, sit upon the ground, or squat on the ankles.

Their other household articles consist of a calabash of water, out of which they drink, a small basket in which to carry and keep their maize and small beans, and a knife. The implements are, for tillage, a small sharp stone, and nothing more; for hunting, a gun and pouch for powder and lead; for fishing, a canoe without mast or sail, without a nail in any part of it, though it is sometimes full forty feet in length, fish hooks and lines, and scoops to paddle with in place of oars. I do not know whether there are not some others of a trifling nature. All who live in one house are generally of one stock or descent, as father and mother with their offspring.

Their bread is maize, pounded in a block by a stone, but not fine. This is mixed with water, and made into a cake, which they bake under the hot ashes. They gave us a small piece when we entered, and although the grains were not ripe, and it was half baked and coarse grains, we nevertheless had to eat it, or, at least, not throw it away before them, which they would have regarded as a great sin, or a great affront. We chewed a little of it *with long teeth*, and managed to hide it so they did not see it. We had also to drink out of their calabashes the water which was their drink, and which was very good. We saw here the Indians who came on board the ship when we arrived. They were all very joyful at the visit of our Gerrit, who was an old acquaintance of theirs and had heretofore long resided about there. We presented them with two jewsharps, which much pleased them and they immediately commenced to play upon them, which they could do tolerably well. Some of

their *patroons* [chiefs] some of whom spoke good Dutch, and are also their medicine-men and surgeons as well as their teachers, were busy making shoes of deer leather, which they understand how to make soft by continually working it in their hands. They had dogs, fowls and hogs, which they learn by degrees from the Europeans how to manage better. They had, also, peach trees, which were well laden. Towards the last, we asked them for some peaches, and they answered: "Go and pick them," which showed their politeness. However, in order not to offend them, we went off and pulled some. Although they are such poor, miserable people, they are, nevertheless, licentious and proud, and given to knavery and scoffing. Seeing a very old woman among them, we enquired how old she was, when some young fellow, laughing and jeering, answered twenty years, while it was evident to us that she was not less than an hundred. We observed here the manner in which they travel with their children, a woman having one which she carried on her back. The little thing clung tight around her neck like a cat, where it was kept secure by means of a piece of duffels, their usual garment. Its head, back and buttocks were entirely flat. How that happened to be so we will relate hereafter, as we now only make mention of what we saw.[5]

We find in "Denton's Description of New York formerly New Netherlands," 1670, the following notes:

To say something of the Indians, there is now but few upon the Island, and those few no ways hurtful

[5] Undoubtedly caused by the almost universal Indian fashion of binding babies on a cradle board.

but rather serviceable to the English, and it is to be admired, how strangely they have decreast by the Hand of God, since the English first setling of those parts; for since my time, where there were six towns, they are reduced to two villages, and it hath been generally observed, that where the English come to settle, a Divine Hand makes way for them, by removing or cutting off the Indians either by Wars one with the other, or by some raging mortal Disease.

They live principally by Hunting, Fowling, and Fishing: their Wives being the Husbandmen to till the Land, and plant their corn.

The meat they live most upon is Fish, Fowl, and Venison; they eat likewise Polecats, Skunks, Raccoon, Possum, Turtles, and the like.

They build small moveable Tents, which they remove two or three times a year, having their principal quarters where they plant their Corn; their Hunting quarters, and their Fishing quarters: Their Recreations are chiefly Foot-ball and Cards, at which they will play away all they have, excepting a Flap to cover their nakedness: They are great lovers of strong drink, yet do not care for drinking, unless they have enough to make themselves drunk; and if there be so many in their Company, that there is not sufficient to make them all drunk, they usually select so many out of their Company, proportionable to the quantity of drink, and the rest must be spectators. And if any one chance to be drunk before he had finisht his proportion, (which is ordinarily a quart of Brandy, Rum, or Strong-waters) the rest will pour the rest of his part down his throat.

They often kill one another at these drunken Matches, which the friends of the murdered person, do revenge upon the Murderer unless he purchase his

life with money, which they sometimes do: Their money is made of Periwinkle shell of which there is black and white, made much like unto beads, and put upon strings.

For their worship which is diabolical, it is performed usually but once or twice a year, unless upon some extraordinary occasion, as upon making of War or the like; their usual time is about Michaelmass, when their corn is first ripe, the day being appointed by their chief Priest or pawaw; most of them go hunting for venison: When they are all congregated, their priest tells them, if he wants money, there God will accept of no other offering, which the people believing, every one gives money according to their ability. The priest takes the money, and putting it into some dishes, sets them upon the top of their low flat-roofed houses, and falls to invocating their God to come and receive it, which with a many loud hallows, and outcries, knocking the ground with sticks, and beating themselves, is performed by the priest, and seconded by the people.

After they have thus a while wearied themselves, the priest by his Conjuration brings in a devil amongst them, in the shape sometimes of a fowl, sometimes of a beast, and sometimes of a man, at which the people being amazed, not daring to stir, he improves the opportunity, steps out and makes sure of the money, and then returns to lay the spirit, who in the meantime is sometimes gone, and takes some of the Company along with him; but if any English at such times do come amongst them, it puts a period to their proceedings, and they will desire their absence, telling them their God will not come whilst they are there.

In their wars they fight no picht fields, but when they have notice of an enemies approach, they en-

deavor to secure their wives and children upon some Island, or in some thick swamp, and then with their guns and hatchets they way-lay their enemies, some lying behind one, some another, and it is a great fight where seven or eight is slain.

When any Indian dies amongst them, they bury him upright, sitting upon a seat, with his Gun, money, and such good as he hath with him that he may be furnished in the other world, which they conceive is Westward, where they shall have great store of Game for Hunting and live easie lives. At this Burial his nearest Relations attend the Hearse with their faces painted black, and do visit the grave once or twice a day, where they send forth sad lamentations so long, till time hath worn the blackness off their faces, and afterwards every year once they view the grave, making a new mourning for him trimming up the Grave, not suffering of a Grass to grow by it: they fence their graves with a hedge, and cover the tops with Mats, to shelter them from the rain.

Any Indian being dead, his name dies with him, no person daring ever after to mention his Name, it being not only a breach of their law, but an abuse to his friends and relations present, as if it were done on purpose to renew their grief: And any other person whatsoever that is named after that name doth incontinently change his name, and takes a new one, their names are not proper set names as amongst Christians, but every one invents a name to himself; which he likes best. Some calling themselves Rattlesnake, Skunk, Bucks-horn, or the like: And if a person die, that his name is some word which is used in speech, they likewise change that word, and invent some new one, which makes a great change and alteration in their language.

When any person is sick, after some means used by his friends, every one pretending skill in Physick; that proving ineffectual, they send for a Pawaw or Priest, who sitting down by the sick person, without the least inquiry after the distemper, waits for a gift, which he proportions his work accordingly to: that being received, he first begins with a low voice to call upon his God, calling sometimes upon one, sometimes on another, raising his voice higher and higher, beating of his naked breasts and sides, till the sweat runneth down, and his breath is almost gone, then that little which is remaining, he evaporates upon the face of the sick person three or four times together, and so takes his leave.

Their Marriages are performed without any Ceremony, the Match being first made by money. The sum being agreed upon and given to the woman, it makes a consummation of their Marriage, if I may so call it: After that, he keeps her during his pleasure, and upon the least dislike turns her away and takes another. . . An Indian may have two wives or more if he pleases; but it is not so much in use at it was since the English came amongst them; they being ready in some measure to imitate the English in things both good and bad. . . They are extraordinary charitable one to another, one having nothing to spare, but he freely imparts it to his friends, and whatsoever they get by gaming or any other way, they share one to another, leaving themselves commonly the least share.

At their Cantica's or dancing Matches, where all persons that come are freely entertain'd, it being a Festival time: Their custom is when they dance, every one but the Dancers to have a short stick in their hand, and to knock the ground and sing altogether,

whilst they that dance sometimes act warlike postures, and then they come in painted for War with their faces black and red, or some all black, some all red, with some streaks of white under their eyes, and so jump and leap up and down without any order, uttering many expressions of their intended valour. For other Dances they only show what Antick tricks their ignorance will lead them to, wringing of their bodies and faces after a strange manner, sometimes jumping into the fire, sometimes catching up a Fire-brand, and biting off a live coal, with many sich tricks, that will affright, if not please an Englishman to look upon them, resembling rather a company of infernal Furies than men. When their King or Sachem sits in Council, he hath a Company of armed men to guard his person, great respect being shewn to him by the People, which is principally manifested by their silence: After he hath declared the cause of their convention, he demands his opinion, ordering who shall begin: The person ordered to speak, after he hath declared his minde, tells then he hath done; no man ever interrupting any person in his speech, nor offering to speak, though he make ever so many or long stops, till he says he hath no more to say: the Council having all declar'd their opinions, the King after some pause gives the definitive sentence, which is commonly seconded with a shout from the people, every one seeming to applaud, and manifest their Assent to what is determined: If any person be condemned to die, which is seldom, unless for Murder or Incest, the King himself goes out in person (for you must understand they have no prisons, and the guilty person flies into the Woods) where they go in quest of him, and having found him, the King shoots first, though at never such a distance, and then happy is the man who can shoot

him down, and cut off his *Long*, which they commonly wear, who for his pains is made some Captain, or other military Officer.

Their Cloathing is a yard and an half of broad Cloth, which is made for the Indian Trade, which they hang upon their shoulders; and half a yard of the same cloth, which being put betwixt their legs, and brought up before and behinde, and tied with a Girdle about their middle, hangs with a flap on each side: They wear no Hats, but commonly wear about their Heads a Snake's skin, or a Belt of their money, or a kind of a Ruff made with Deers hair, and died a scarlet colour, which they esteem very rich.

They grease their bodies and hair very often, and paint their faces with several colours, as black, white, red, yellow, blew, &c. which they take great pride in, every one being painted in several manner: Thus much for the Customs of the Indians.

Quoted in Valentine's Manual for 1858, p. 591, from De Laet's "Description of the Great or North River of New Netherlands and the different people who dwell therein," we find:

On the right, or eastern bank of the river [Hudson], from its mouth, dwell the *Manhattae* or *Manhattanes*, a fierce nation, and hostile to our people, from whom, nevertheless, they purchased the island or point of land which is separated from the main by Helle-gat, and where they laid the foundations of a city, called New Amsterdam. On the left, or western bank of the river, dwell the Sanhicans, the deadly enemies of the former nation, and a better and more decent people. They live along the shores of the bay and within the land. Opposite to the Manhattans

dwell the Machkentiwonu, and within the first bend of the river, on the same side, the Tappaanes.

The barbarians are divided into many nations, and the people differ from one another in language, though very little in manners. Their clothing is composed of the skins of wild animals, especially beavers, foxes and the like, sewed together in the manner of savages, with which they clothe themselves entirely in winter and slightly in summer. Their food, principally, consists of maize, or Indian corn, from which they bake cakes, resembling bread; fish, birds, and wild game. Their weapons are bows and arrows, the latter pointed with sharp flint-stones, or the bones of fishes. Their boats are one piece of wood, hollowed out by fire, from the solid trunks of trees. Some of them lead a wandering life in open air, with no settled habitations, lying stretched upon the ground, or on mats made of bull-rushes, they take both their sleep and food, especially in summer, when they go nearer to the sea, for the sake of fishing. Others have fixed places of abode, and dwellings built with rafters, in the form of an oven, covered above with the bark of trees, so large that they are sufficient for several families. Their household furniture is mean and scanty, consisting of mats and wooden dishes, together with hatchets made of hard flint-stone, by dint of savage labor, and tubes for smoking tobacco, formed, likewise, of flint-stone, ingeniously perforated, so that it is surprising how, in so great a want of iron implements, they are able to carve the stone. They neither know nor desire riches.

They have no sense of religion — no worship of God; they, indeed, pay homage to the devil, but not so solemnly, nor with such ceremonies as the Africans do. They call him, in their language, *Menutto* or *Men-*

etto, and what ever is wonderful, and seems to exceed human capacity they also call Menetto. They have no formal political government, except that they have chiefs, who they call *Sackmos* or *Sagamos*, who are almost always the heads of families, for they rarely exceed the limits of one family connection. They are, like most barbarians, suspicious and fearful, though greedy of revenge. They are fickle, but, if humanely treated, hospitable, and ready to perform a service. They ask only a small remuneration for what they do, and will make very long journeys in a short time, with greater fidelity than could be justly expected from such a barbarous people.

In the same volume of the Manual we also find a quotation from Vanderdonck's New Netherlands to this effect:

Their houses are usually constructed in the same manner, without any particular costliness or curiosity in or to the same. Sometimes they build their houses above a hundred feet long, but never more than twenty feet wide. When they build a house, they place long slender hickory saplings in the ground, having the bark stripped off as far asunder as they intend the breadth of the house to be, and continuing the rows as far as it is intended the length shall be. These sapling-poles are bent over towards each other in the form of an arch, and secured together, having the appearance of a garden arbour. The sapling-poles are then crossed with split poles, in the form of lathing, which are well fastened to the upright work. The lathings are heaviest near the ground. A space of about a foot wide is left in the crown of the arch. For covering, they use the bark of ash, chestnut, and other trees, which they peel off in pieces of about six

feet long, and as broad as they can. They cover their houses, laying the smooth side inward, leaving an open space of about a foot wide in the crown, to let out smoke. They lap the side edges and ends over each other, having regard to the shrinking of the bark, securing the covering with withes to the lathings. A crack or rent they shut up, and in this manner they make their houses proof against wind or rain. They have one door in the centre of the house. When the bark of the ash, and chestnut trees is not loose, they have recourse to the timber trees which grow along the brooks, the bark of which can be taken off during the whole summer season. Durability is a primary object in their houses. In short, their houses are tight, and tolerably warm, but they know nothing of chambers, halls, and closetings. They kindle and keep their fires in the middle of their houses, from one end to the other, and the opening in the crown of the roof lets out the smoke. From sixteen to eighteen families frequently dwell in one house, according to its size. The fire being kept in the middle, the people lay on either side thereof, and each family has its own place. If they have a place for a pot or kettle, with a few small articles, with a place to sleep, they have room enough, and in this manner a hundred and frequently many more, dwell together in one house. Such is the construction of an Indian dwelling in every place, unless they are out on hunting and fishing expeditions, and then they erect temporary huts or shanties.

All their agriculture is performed by the women; the men give themselves very little trouble about the same, except those who are old; they, with the young children, will do some labor, under the direction of the women. They cultivate no wheat, oats, barley, or

rye, and know nothing of ploughing, spading, and splitting up the soil, and are not neat and cleanly in their fields. The grain which they raise for bread and mush, or sapaen, is maize, or turkey-corn, and they raise also various kinds of beans. They also plant tobacco for their own use, which is not so good as ours, and of a different kind, that does not require so much labor and attendance. Of garden vegetables, they raise none, except pumpkins and squashes. They usually leave their fields and garden spots open, uninclosed and unprotected by fencing, and take very little care of the same, though they raise an abundance of corn and beans, of which we obtain whole cargoes in sloops and galleys in trade. Of manuring and proper tillage they know nothing. All their tillage is done by hand, and with small adzes, which they purchase from us. Although little can be said in favor of their husbandry, still they prefer their practice to ours, because our methods require too much labor and care to please them.

The Indians are naturally (with few exceptions) of taciturn, steady, and pensive dispositions and tempers, of few words, which are well-considered, uttered slowly, and long remembered. They say no more than is necessary to the subject in hand. When they want to buy or sell any article, they say no more than is necessary to the bargain. On other occasions they talk of no subjects, except hunting, fishing, and war. Their young men frequently entertain each other on their gallantry with young female connections. They despise lying, and still are not very precise in the performance of their engagements. Swearing and scolding are not heard among them, unless it be among those who have learned those habits from us. They do not possess great wisdom or extensive knowledge,

but reasonable understanding, resulting from practical experience. They are very revengeful and obstinate, even unto death, and when in trouble they disregard and despise all pain and torture that can be done to them, and will sing with proud contempt until death terminates their sufferings. When abroad, they spend their time in hunting, fishing, or war. At home, they smoke tobacco, and play a game with pieces of reeds resembling our card playing. The old men knit nets and make wooden bowls and ladles.

Whenever an Indian departs this life, all the residents of the place assemble at the funeral. After the body has been watched and wept over several days and nights, they bring it to the grave, wherein they do not lay it down, but place it in a sitting posture upon a stone or block of wood, as if the body were sitting upon a stool; then they place a pot, kettle, platter, and spoon, with some provisions and money, near the body in the grave; this, they say, is necessary for the journey to the other world. Then they place as much wood around the body as will keep the earth from it. Above the grave they place a large pile of wood, stone, or earth, and around and above the same they place palisades, resembling a small dwelling. The nearest relatives, particularly the women (the men seldom exhibiting much excitement), have their period of lamentation, when they make dreadful wailing. The use and tokens of mourning is common, which usually are black signs upon their bodies. When a woman loses her husband, she shaves off her hair, and paints her whole countenance as black as pitch, and the men do the same when their wives die. They mourn a year without marrying until the season of mourning is over.

The natives generally marry but one wife and no

more, unless it be a chief who is great and powerful. Such frequently have two, three or four wives, of the neatest and handsomest women, and no strife, so far as we could ascertain, ever arises in the female household. Marriages with them are not so binding but that either party may dissolve the union, which they frequently do. I have known an Indian who changed his wife every year, although he had little or no reason for it. In their marriage dissolutions, the children follow their mother.

The chief foods of the Indians of this neighborhood were three. First of all, owing to their nearness to the sea, were all manner of fish and shell-fish. Vast quantities of oyster shells still mark the sites of many of their old villages and will furnish the material for another chapter. Corn, beans, and squashes were raised in large quantities, and game was eagerly hunted by the warriors.

Of their fishing, De Vries has left us an excellent account.

Striped bass are caught in large quantities and dried by the Indians, — for at this time the squaws are engaged in sowing the maize, and cultivating the land, and the men go afishing in order to assist their wives a little by their draughts of fish. Sometimes they catch them with seines from seventy to eighty fathoms in length, which they braid themselves, and on which, in place of lead, they hang stones, and instead of corks which we put on to float them, they fasten small sticks an ell in length, round, and sharp at the end. Over the purse, they have a figure made of wood, resembling the devil, and when the fish swim

into the net and comes to the purse, so that the figure begins to move, they then begin to cry out and call upon the *mannetoe*, that is, the devil, to give them many fish. They catch great quantities of this fish; which they also catch in little set nets, six or seven fathoms long, braided like a herring net. They set them on sticks in the river, one and one-half fathoms deep.

In their wars and hunting the Indians used a bow six feet or more in length, a truly formidable weapon, as is shown by the fact that at Tottenville, Staten Island, the remains of three unfortunate Raritan warriors who had been riddled with arrows were found in the Indian cemetery at Burial Ridge. Several arrow-points of bone and stone were found in positions showing that they had been driven completely through the Indians' bodies.

An old record tells us that in their hunting the natives would scour the forest in companies of a hundred or more, beating the coverts and driving the game before them. They would range along about a hundred paces apart, and, holding a "flat thigh bone" in one hand, strike upon it with a stick and thus drive their quarry into the river. As the hunters approached the water, they would draw closer together so that any animal between two of them was at the mercy of their bows and arrows or else had to flee to the water, where other Indians lay in wait in their canoes

. . . with snares which they throw around their necks, and drag them to them, and force the deer down

with the rump upwards, by which they cannot draw breath.

That the Indians were very successful in their hunting is proved by the great quantities of deer bones and even antlers found today on all their old village sites. We have very little information about agriculture as practiced by the local tribes. Our oft quoted friend De Vries remarks:

The Indians made use of French [doubtless aboriginal] beans of different colors, which they plant among their maize. When the maize, (which is some three or four feet apart in order to have room to weed it thoroughly) is grown one, two, or three feet high, they stick the beans in the ground alongside of the maize stalks, which serve instead of poles which we use in the Fatherland, for beans to grow on.

The Indians had very many ways of preparing their corn for food. One of the commonest methods was to dry it and then to grind it into flour by means of a mortar made of a log hollowed at one end by burning and scraping, and a stone pestle, about as long and thick as a man's arm. Dankers and Sluyter say of the Canarsies of Brooklyn, "Their bread is maize pounded in a block by a stone, but not fine. This is mixed with water and made into a cake which they bake in the hot ashes." De Vries relates that "They pound it [maize] in a hollow tree," and adds:

When they travel, they take a flat stone, and press [grind] it [maize] with another stone placed upon the first, and when it is pressed, they have little bas-

kets, which they call *notassen*, which are made of a kind of hemp, the same as fig frails, — which they make to serve them as sieves, — [as do the Delawares and Iroquois of today] and thus make their meal. They make flat cakes of the meal mixed in water, as large as a farthing cake in this country [Holland], and bake them in the ashes, first wrapping a vine-leaf or maize-leaf around them. When they are sufficiently baked in the ashes they make a good palatable bread.

In the American Museum of Natural History there is a little wooden mortar and stone pestle obtained recently from the Shinnecocks of Long Island, who used it to grind herbs, and in the Brooklyn Institute there is a larger corn mortar from the same place, along with several other fine old Long Island specimens. It is interesting to know that the Delawares still make use of many old Indian corn foods prepared in the primitive way, and so do the remnant of the Mohegans in Connecticut.

Nuts, which were often dried and preserved, ground nuts, pumpkins, watermelons, berries, and wild grapes are mentioned as Indian foods by the early settlers. Tobacco or some substitute was surely used, judging by the number of clay and stone pipes which are picked up today. Wild hemp was raised as well, for De Vries says:

The Indians use a kind of hemp, which they understand the making up, much stronger than ours is, and for every necessary purpose, such as notassen (which are their sacks and in which they carry everything);

they also make linen of it. They gather their maize and French beans the last of September and October, and when they have shelled the corn they bury it in holes which they have previously covered (lined) with mats, and so keep as much as they want in the winter while hunting. They sow the maize in April or May.

Charred corn, both cobs and kernels, charred beans, calamus roots, and hickory nuts have been found by archaeologists, in such pits, and in old fire places, and specimens of these may be seen in the American Museum of Natural History.

Another romantic feature which modern artists love to appropriate for our Indians is the graceful birch bark canoe. While it is possible that one of these dainty crafts may have been seen occasionally on our waters, it is rather unlikely. The canoe birch grew too far northward — so far indeed that even the Iroquois scarcely ever had canoes of this material, and our tribes were obliged to use elm bark, or manufacture clumsy crafts hollowed from logs. Dankers and Sluyter say that the Canarsies of Fort Hamilton had "for fishing a canoe without mast or sail, and not a nail in any part of it, though it is sometimes fully forty feet in length, fish hooks and lines, and scoops to paddle with instead of oars." In the "Remonstrance" it is said:

They themselves construct the boats they use, which are two sorts: some, of entire trees excavated with fire, axes and adzes; the Christians call these canoes; others again, called also canoes, are made of bark, and in these they move very rapidly.

It is interesting to know that several of these wooden canoes are still extant. One was dug up in the work on the subway on Manhattan Island, and parts of it are now on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History. It is a great clumsy affair, like a watering trough, with blunt ends. It plainly shows that it was hollowed out by burning the top of the log and then scraping away the charcoal, repeating the process until it was completely dug out. A smaller and more perfect specimen was found in the mud of the Hackensack River, near Hackensack, New Jersey, and is now in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

III[6]

CUSTOMS OF THE DELAWARE

Our pioneer forefathers, however interested they may have been in the appearance, dwellings, clothing, and utensils of the savages, seem to have paid very little attention to their manners, customs, and ceremonies; and, since so many of the Indians have passed away, it is now almost impossible to obtain any information on the subject. From the remnants of the Delaware who still reside in Canada and Oklahoma, and from the Mohegans of Connecticut, we are enabled to reconstruct in part the old tribal life of our Indians of long ago, of whom these people are the descendants.

The Delaware tribe was divided into three bodies, each of which claimed to have sprung from an animal ancestor — a Turkey, a Wolf, and a Turtle. These clans did not correspond with the geographical divisions which we have just discussed — the Unami, the Minsi, and the Unalachtigo; in fact, members of each

[6] For part of the contents of this chapter I am largely indebted to Mr. M. R. Harrington of the University of Pennsylvania, who has made a profound study of the surviving Delawares in Oklahoma and Canada.

clan were found in all three of these bodies except the Minsi, who say that they never had a Turtle clan among them. Inheritance was just the reverse from our system, for each child belonged to its mother's family and clan, no matter what division its father came from. To make matters more complicated, each clan was divided into twelve bands, each bearing some such name as "Red Paint," "Yellow Tree," or "Slipping Down." These sub-clans were *exogamic*; that is, a man or woman must not marry with his or her sub-clan, but must choose a partner from one of the other thirty-five sub-clans, and the children of the union would belong to the sub-clan and clan of the mother. The Mohegan system was very much the same, except that there seem to have been fewer sub-clans. Their clans bore the same titles — the Wolf, the Turkey and the Turtle — as those of the Delaware.

The Delawares imagined that just before a child was born its spirit was in some mysterious manner dependent upon its father, and that it accompanied him on his travels. If the father thought the child was to be a boy, he would make a tiny bow and arrows and fasten them to his person so that the little spirit that trotted after him might have toys to keep him always near and out of mischief. The father of an unborn child was seldom successful in hunting, because the little spirit that tagged along when he was out was apt to frighten the deer, especially if he had forgotten to wear the little toys. If it was thought

that a daughter would be born, the proud father carried a tiny wooden mortar and pestle, such as women used in crushing corn, in place of the bow and arrows.

When at length the child was born, great anxiety was felt by its parents lest the little spirit be coaxed back to the Land of Souls by the ghosts of the dead, and every care was taken to make the little one so happy and contented that it would prefer to stay on earth. Besides this, every precaution was taken to deceive the envious ghosts. By way of cheating them, the little one was swaddled in the garments formerly worn by a grown up, that the ghosts might think the baby was an old person. Sometimes bits of corn husk or leather thongs were fastened to the little wrists and ankles to deceive the ghosts into imagining that the baby was tied to the earth, and the parents invariably cut holes in the soles of the infant's moccasins so that it might tell the coaxing ghosts its shoes were too worn out to travel the rough road to the spirit-land. Before the little one was born, one of the parents, or a close relative, usually discovered through a vision, what the child's name was to be, and later on it was announced at the annual tribal ceremony.

During his early youth every boy was instructed by his father, or some of the tribal elders in the lore of the forest. He was taught the habits of the deer, the bear, and the little beasts, in order that he might hunt them successfully; and he was shown where to find

the largest fish, and how to take them. The herbs, roots, and fruits were all made known to him, together with their medicinal or other values. Besides this he was given extended instructions about the gods and the genii of the forest. Here lurked a hobgoblin under the hill, and there a monster in the lake. Some were good, and others evil. All had to be placated by offerings of tobacco and whispered prayers when he passed their dens. He must never speak rudely of them. Even the animals might be "Strong Powers" in disguise, and it was well to treat them kindly. No warrior ever slew a bear without an explanation — an apology, if you will — to the spirit of the creature.

When the little fellow grew to be about ten years of age, the crucial test of his life took place. All Indians believe implicitly in dreams, and it was customary for the youths of almost every tribe to go out to some lonely place, blacken their faces and fast, in hopes some Manitou would appear to them in a vision. The Manitou might be one of the Thunderers, the Morning Star, or even the great Sun himself, in human form. It would promise the youth to be his guardian, forecast his future life, and usually instruct him to make some magic charms in token of the visit. Of course, in the weakened, almost hysterical condition caused by several days' fasting, and with the mind of the boy thoroughly stirred up and expectant, such a dream was bound to occur.

Many Indian tribes still maintain the custom. An

old Menomini Indian, residing in northern Wisconsin, once told me the story of his youthful dream. For nine days he fasted alone in a clearing in the dense pine timber, and up to the evening of the ninth day he had not been rewarded by a dream. The clearing had a cold and ghastly appearance in the moonlight, and the hard gray tree trunks cast inky shadows, suggestive of lurking places for forest hobgoblins. The splashing, purring roar of the brook droned through the trees, and a moss-grown boulder by the waterside took on a shape like some malign monster waiting to spring. The wild things of the forest came fearlessly into his clearing, where he sat in silence. Nothing offered to molest him, for there was something about him that seemed to tell the various creatures that he was in touch with the Manitous. Exhausted by his dreary watch, the lad sat down to rest. The world seemed about to fade from his sight, when suddenly a great, tall warrior, radiant with a strange light, and bearing in his hand a magic war club, stood before him.

"Boy," he cried, "I am the Morning Star. I have seen you fasting and suffering, and I have pity on you! You shall live to see your own gray hairs; you shall go many times upon the warpath and be successful. I give you the right to make and keep a war club like the one I carry in my hand. Keep it always with you in memory of me, and no harm shall ever befall you; for I shall always watch over you."

This is a typical youth's dream, and but very few Indians have them nowadays. They complain that they are no longer able to get their old food of corn and game, that they no longer keep up their old religion, and so they are not pure enough to commune with the Powers Above.

In the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania there are some very old Delaware dream charms; two little wooden masks and a carved powder charger, which are said to have come from the Indians of that neighborhood in colonial days. Perhaps some of the little rough faces, scratched on pebbles, and other strange stone implements occasionally found hereabouts, were dream tokens.

According to old Delaware notions all the world is overrun by supernatural beings. The stars above, the wind, the thunder, men, and beasts, have their actions and destinies alike controlled by four powerful Manitous: in the east, "Our Grandfather-where-daylight appears"; in the west, "Our Grandfather-where-the-sun-goes-down"; in the south, "Our Grandmother-where-it-is-warm"; and in the north, "Our Grandmother-where-it-is-winter."

The Sun and Moon are called "Our Elder Brothers," and they provide the light by which we see. The Thunderers are manlike winged beings who bring the rain and protect mankind from the onslaughts of the Great Horned Serpent and other water monsters. "Our Mother the Earth" cares for and feeds the

people, and a "Living-Solid-Face" or "Mask Being," a literal blockhead, since his sconce was supposed to be of solid wood, lived in the forest and had charge of the game. Over everything ruled the Great Spirit, who dwelt in the topmost tier of the Heaven, which were supposed to consist of twelve layers, each inhabited by various spirits.

Every year, in the fall, the Delawares held, and still hold in Oklahoma, to which place they have been exiled, an annual religious ceremony. The ceremony lasts twelve nights, and concerns the visions of the guardian spirits which appeared to the warriors when they were youths. On the opening of the ceremony the chief prays to the Great Spirit and explains the purpose of the rites. When he has finished, the priest goes to the center of the lodge, and, pounding time with a rattle made of a turtle shell, chants the story of his vision.

While this is going on, two members come out and beat upon a strange drum. This unique musical instrument is made of a raw deer hide, dried and rolled up about a bundle of straw. It is beaten upon by means of curiously carved sticks, each of which has a face cut upon it, and each is painted lengthwise one-half red and one-half black, the colors signifying the women and the warriors respectively, and the whole symbolic of the people at worship.

While the drummers sing and beat, the priest or ceremonial leader dances through the long lodge which

is used to house the ceremonial, circling the fires. As he continues, others join him, following in the rear. When the leader is done, another man takes his place until all the men have sung. Then the people pray, raising their left hands and giving a long drawn out cry of "Ho-o-o!" twelve times, the last cry reaching the twelfth tier of Heaven, where it is heard by the Great Spirit. After a little feast of corn soup, the ceremony is over until the next night.

On the fourth day a party of hunters goes out for game, not returning until the seventh day. Before they go, a wizard dressed in a bearskin and wearing a wooden mask in imitation of the "Solid Face," the guardian of all animals, goes through certain wierd rites to bring them luck. On the ninth night a new fire is built, and on the twelfth night the women recite their visions. The ceremony ends on the mid-day after the twelfth night.

Such are the old-time ceremonies as they are tenaciously preserved by the survivors of the old New York Delawares. Even the degenerate remnant of the Mohegans in Connecticut have a pathetic survival of the olden times in their "Green Corn Dance," which has now become a sort of church fair. The Shinnecocks and the Montauks of Long Island still hold a "June Meeting," which is but a pitiful memory of some ancient ceremony that was no doubt quite like the annual ceremony of the Delawares.

Of the other customs of our Indians, there is a little

to be found in the old writers. The Documentary History of New York gives us a glimpse of these.

Traces, and nothing more, of the institution of marriage can be perceived among them. The man and woman unite together without any special ceremony, except that the former, by an agreement previously made with the latter, presents her with some wampum or cloth, which he frequently takes back on separating, if this occur anyway soon. Both men and women are exceedingly unchaste and lascivious, without the least particle of shame, and this is the reason that the men so frequently change their wives and the women their husbands. They have, usually, but one wife; sometimes even two or three, but this mostly obtains among the chiefs. They have also among them different ranks of people, such as noble and ignoble. The men are generally lazy and will not work until they become old and of no consideration; then they make spoons and wooden bowls, traps, nets, and various other such trifles; in other respects, they do nothing but fish, hunt, and go to war. The women must perform the remainder of the labor, such as planting corn, cutting and hauling fire wood, cooking, attending the children, and whatever else has to be done.

They are divided into various tribes and languages. Each tribe usually dwells together, and there is one among them who is chief; but he does not possess much power or distinction, except in their dances and in time of war. Some have scarcely any knowledge of God; others very little. Nevertheless, they relate very strange fables of the Deity. In general, they have a great dread of the Devil, who gives them wonderful trouble. Some converse freely on the subject and allow themselves to be strangely imposed upon

by him; but their devils, they say, will not have anything to do with the Dutch. Scarcely a word is heard here of any ghost or such like. Offerings are sometimes made to them, but with little ceremony. They believe, also, in an Immortality of the soul; have, likewise, some knowledge of the Sun, Moon and Stars, many of which they even know how to name; they are passable judges of the weather. There is scarcely any law or justice among them, except sometimes in war matters, and then very little. The next of kin is the avenger; the youngest are the most daring, who mostly do as they like.

As soldiers they are far from being honorable, but perfidious, and accomplished all their designs by treachery; they also use many stratagems to deceive their enemies, and execute by night almost all their plans that are in any way hazardous. The thirst for revenge seems innate in them, they are very pertinacious in self defence, when they cannot escape; which, under other circumstances, they like to do; and they make little of death, when it is inevitable, and despise all tortures that can be inflicted upon them at the stake, exhibiting no faint heartedness, but generally singing until they are dead. They also know right well how to cure wounds and hurts, or inveterate sores and injuries, by means of herbs and roots indigenous to the country, and which are known to them.

De Vries, friend to the savages, gives us a few words in regard to their marriage customs. He says that the girls became marriageable at about fourteen, and

whoever gives the most seawant is the successful suitor. They go home with him, and remain sometimes one,

three, or four months with him, and then go with another, sometimes remaining with him according as they are inclined to each other. The men are not jealous, and even lend their wives to a friend. They are fond of meeting to frolic and dance; but the women are compelled to work like asses, and when they travel, to carry the baggage on their backs, together with their infants, if they have any, bound to a board.

Little or nothing is now known about the mythology of our Indians, although there is reason to suppose that at some future time a large quantity of lore will be gathered from the surviving Delawares. To Dankers and Sluyter we are again indebted for the Hackensack story of creation, which differs somewhat from the version found in the Walum Olum.

16 Oct., 1679. In the morning there came an Indian to our house, a man about 80 years of age, whom our people call Jasper, who lived at Hackensack at Akinon. . . We asked him where he believed he came from? He answered from his father. "And where did your father come from?" we said, "and your grandfather and great-grandfather, and so to the first of the race?" He was silent for a little while, either as unable to climb up at once so high with his thoughts, or to express them without help, and then took a piece of coal out of the fire where he sat, and began to write upon the floor. He first drew a circle, a little oval, to which he made four paws or feet, a head and a tail. "This," said he, "is a tortoise, lying in the water around it," and he moved his hand around the figure, continuing, "This was or is all water, and so at first was the world or earth, when

the tortoise gradually raised its round back up high, and the water ran off it, and then the earth became dry." He then took a little straw and placed it on and in the middle of the earth, and proceeded, "The earth was now dry, and there grew a tree in the middle of the earth, and there grew upon it a man, who was the first male. This man was there alone, and would have remained alone; but the tree bent over its top and touch the earth; and there shot therein another root, from which came forth another sprout, and there grew upon it the woman, and from them two are all men produced."

The myth really seems to be a fragment of the tradition recorded in the Walum Olum, which tells of the creation of the turtle to aid mankind, who already existed. The turtle also plays a prominent part in the origin myth of the Iroquois of western New York.

Judging by the remains found in old Indian cemeteries, of which not a few still exist within the limits of Greater New York, three methods of disposing of the dead were known. The first of these was to bury the body lying on one side with the knees drawn up to the chin, and the hands before the face — in a "sitting posture," the finders often say. There are several reasons which may account for this. First, this is a very common position for Indians to assume when sleeping, and perhaps death was regarded by the local tribes, as it is by the Seminoles of Florida, as "Big Sleep." On the other hand many aborigines

look upon the earth as their mother, and consider that burial is but returning the body to its parent, and therefore draw up the corpse into the position held by an unborn child. Last of all, there is the very practical reason that the body so folded up does not require so large a grave, and digging, even in sand, must have been very hard work for tribes who had no shovels.

Sometimes the Indians seem to have kept the body of a dead person exposed, perhaps on a scaffold, until the flesh was gone, and then to have carefully collected the dry bones, bundled them together, and buried them, often with the skull on top. It may be that this was done in winter when the ground was frozen too hard for grave digging, and they were obliged to wait for the spring thaws.

Very rarely skeletons are found showing that the body was buried laid out at full length, as is our custom.

De Vries says in his Journal:

They make a large grave, and line it inside with boughs of trees, in which they lay the corpse, so that no earth can touch it. They then cover this with clay, and form the grave, seven or eight feet, in the shape of a sugar loaf, and place palisades around it. I have frequently seen the wife of the deceased come daily to the grave, weeping and crying, creeping over it with extended body, and grieving for the death of her husband. The oldest wife by whom he has children does this; the young wife does not make much ado about it, but looks for another husband. They

keep a portion of the dead in the house.[1] . . They then bury the bones in the grave, with a parcel of Zeewan (wampum), and with arrows, needles, knives, paper, and other knickknacks, which are held in great esteem by them, and cover them with earth, and place palisades around them, as before related. Such is the custom on the coast in regard to the dead. The chief doctrine held among them is the belief in the immortality of the soul by some. Others are skeptical on this point, but not far from it, saying, when they die they go to a place where they sing like ravens; but this singing is entirely different from the singing of angels.

In spite of what De Vries says about the placing of articles, such as weapons, and utensils, with the dead, relics are very seldom found in any of our Indian graves. At Tottenville, on Staten Island, however, there is an Indian cemetery on Burial Ridge which forms an important exception to the rule. Here, in years gone by, stone pipes, gorgets, arrow points, beads, and many other interesting articles of Indian manufacture have been dug up by prying antiquarians.

Usually these old cemeteries are to be found on a high, dry, sandy knoll, very near where the Indians had their village. Sometimes, though, skeletons are found in old refuse holes, or fire-places, directly on the site of the camp. In some cases it seems as though the body must have been buried in the very floor of the

[1] This seems to account for the burial of bundles of dried bones which we have described.

Indian house. These must be the remains of those who died in the winter when the ground was frozen and the Indians were unable to dig a grave, and so they placed the body in the refuse pit or fire place, covered it with debris, and moved away.

It seems to have been the custom to hold a wake, or "Feast of the Dead," at the time of interment, as the earth about and about the skeleton is often full of particles of charcoal, firecracked stones, deer bones split to extract the marrow, bits of pottery, and other traces of a feast. Often a foot or more above the body will be a pit containing great quantities of oyster shells and other refuse, as though when the departed was out of sight of the living beneath a thin layer of earth, a feast was held, and the refuse was cast into the still open grave. On rare occasions thick layers of oyster shells, placed with their sharp cutting edges pointing upward, have been found over the skeleton, perhaps to prevent the wolves or dogs from digging up the body.

Not infrequently the skeletons of dogs are found, showing that they had received regular burial. An unusual number of these have been dug up near Inwood, on Manhattan Island. These are probably the remains of faithful watchdogs, buried, as we often inter our own good animals. Sometimes these dogs are buried with the skeleton of a human being, showing that it was a pet of the deceased. Others may have been sacrifices to the "Powers Below."

Of additional interest to students of the history of Long Island is a quaint account of the Montauk Indians, written in 1761 by the Rev. Sampson Occum, himself a Mohegan and a missionary, speaking their language, or a kindred dialect, as his native tongue. Like many of our early sources of information, this is a scarce document, and I take the liberty of presenting it in full, so far as it regards the olden time customs of the Long Island Indians. It is remarkable how similar many of their traits and customs are to those of some of our Indian tribes who still live in a fairly primitive state in the Middle West. To one familiar with the Menomini and Ojibway, it requires very little imagination to reconstruct the ancient life of the Montauk and re-people their windswept sand dunes with the savages of the days of New Amsterdam, for the words of the old people of these more distant modern tribes often sound with striking familiarity to the student of local history.

An Account of the Montauk Indians on Long Island. By Rev. Sampson Occum, A. D. 1761.

Sir, I shall give you the best account of some of the ancient customs and ways of the Montauk Indians, as memory will inform us at present.

1. I shall begin with their MARRIAGES. They had four ways of marrying. The first is, as soon as the children are born, or presently after they are born, parents made matches for their children. The father of a male child goes to the parents of a girl, and takes with him a skin or two, such as they wore before the

English came, and since they have had blankets, takes a blanket and some other presents, and delivers them to the parents of the girl, and then he will relate his business with them, and when he has done, the other party will manifest their thankfulness, if they agree in the matter; but if not they will say nothing, but return the things, and the man must carry them elsewhere. But where there is an agreement, they will proceed to accomplish the marriage. They prefix a time, and both parties will make preparations. The parents of the boy prepare cloathing, ornaments, and other presents; and the others prepare a great feast; and the relations of both parties join in making these preparations, and when the appointed time comes, the parents of the girl and their relations bundle up their preparations, and will call as many guests as they please. The other party also gets in readiness with their company to the man's house, and they go in boldly without any compliments, and deliver their child to the man and his wife, and they receive their daughter-in-law with all imaginable joy, and the mother will suckle the young couple, the one at one breast, and the other at the other breast, and both mothers will take their turn in suckling the couple; and if the children are weaned, they must eat out of one dish; and in the meantime the whole company is devouring the feast, and after the feast they will distribute the presents one to another, and this being ended they have completed the marriage; and every one returns to their wigwams, and the couple that are just married are kept at their parents' houses till they are grown up, and if they see fit to live together they will; if not, the parents can't make them live together, but they will choose other companions for themselves.

2. Parents stay till their children are grown up, and then will proceed in the same manner in marrying their children, as the former; but if the father be dead, the mother will undertake for her son; if both father and mother are dead, some near relation will undertake. There is no material difference between this and other just mentioned. Many times the couple that are to be married never see one another till the very minute they are joined in wedlock; in this the man is seated in a high bench in a wigwam, and the young woman is led by the hand by her father or by some near relation, to the young man, and set her down by him, and immediately a dish of vituals is brought and set before them, and they eat together, &c.

3. Young people and others are allowed to choose companions for themselves. When a young couple conclude to have each other, they acquaint their parents of it, or near relations; and they assist them in it, they generally make a feast, &c. Sometimes the couple themselves make a small feast, and so call a few neighbors to eat and drink with them.

4. The couple that are to live together make no noise about it; but the woman makes a few cakes baked in the ashes, and puts them in a basket and carries them to the man, and sets them down before him, and if they have been free together he is obliged to receive what is set before him, and to live together; but small provocations use to part them, and [they] marry others.

II. The way of NAMING THEIR CHILDREN. They used to make great dances or frolics. They made great preparations for these dances, of wampum, beads, jewels, dishes, and clothing, and liquors, &c. Sometimes two or three families join in naming their

children, so make great preparation to make a great dance. When they have got all things ready, they will call their neighbors together, very often send to other towns of Indians, and when they have all got together, they will begin their dance and to distribute their gifts, and every person that receives the gifts or liquors, gets up and pronounces the name that a child is to be called by, with a loud voice three times. But sometimes a young man or woman will be ashamed to pronounce the name, and they will get some other person to do it. Very often one family will make small preparations, and call few old people to name a child; and it was very common with them to name their children two or three times over by different names, and at different times, and old people very often gave new names to themselves.[1]

III. Concerning their GODS. They imagined a great number of gods. There were gods of the four corners of the earth; the god of the east, the god of the west, the god of the north, the god of the south; and there was a god over their corn, another over their beans, another over their pumpkins, and squashes, &c. There was one god over their wigwams, another of the fire, another over the sea, another of the wind, one of the day, and another of the night; and there were four gods over the four parts of the year, &c., &c.

[1] Among many of our Western tribes today a child is first given a name which is changed as soon as his character has developed, or he has done something remarkable which can be commemorated in a new title. Among the Menomini Indians of Wisconsin, the names of warriors who had slain an enemy were changed by vote of the council as a reward for their bravery. Thus one man might bear several different names in the course of his life.

But they had a notion of one great and good God, that was over all the rest of the gods, which they called CAUHLUNTOOWUT, which signifies one that is possessed with supreme power. They also had a notion of a great evil god, which they called Mutchesunnetooh, which signifies evil power, who they say is mischievous, &c.

And to these gods they call for help under every difficulty, and to them they offered their sacrifies of various kinds, &c.

As for their images, they kept them as oracles. The powwaws consult these images to know the minds of their gods; for they pretend these images tell what the people should do to the gods, either to make a dance or a feast, or give something to the old people, or sacrifice to the gods.

IV. As for their POWAWS, they say they get their art from dreams; and one has told me they get their art from the devil, but then partly by dreams or night visions, and partly by the devil's immediate appearance to them by various shapes; sometimes in the shape of one creature, sometimes in another, sometimes by a voice, &c. And their poisoning one another and taking out poison, they say is no imaginary thing, but real. I have heard some say, that have been poisoned, it puts them into great pain, and when a powaw takes out the poison they have found immediate relief; at other times they feel no manner of pain, but feel strangely by degrees, till they are senseless, and then they will run mad. Sometimes they would run into the water; sometimes into the fire; and at other times run up to the top of high trees and tumble down headlong to the ground, yet receive no hurt by all these. And I don't see for my part, why it is not as true, as the English or other nation's witchcraft, but is a great mystery of darkness, &c.

V. Concerning their DEAD, BURIAL, AND MOURNING. They used to wash their dead clean, and adorn them with all manner of ornaments, and paint the face of them divers colours, and make a great lamentation over their dead. When they carry the corpse to the grave, the whole company especially of the women, make a doleful and a very mournful and loud lamentation; all the way as they go to the grave, and at the grave; and they use to bury great many things with their dead, especially the things that belonged to the dead, and what they did not bury they would give away, and they would never live in a wigwam, in which any person died, but will immediately pull it down, and they generally mourned for their dead about a year, and the time they are in mourning the women kept their faces blackt with coal mixt with grease, neither would they wear fine clothes, nor sing, nor dance, neither will the mourners mention the name by which their dead was called, nor suffer any one in the whole place to mention it till some of the relations is called by the same name; and when they put off their mourning habit, they generally made a great nightly dance. They begin it in the evening and hold it till morning.

VI. Concerning their NOTIONS OF FUTURE STATE. They believed the existence of their souls after their bodies are dead. Their souls go to the westward a great way off, where the righteous, or those that behaved themselves well in this world, will exercise themselves in pleasurable singing and dancing forever, in the presence of their Sawwonnuntoh or their western god,[1] from whom they have received their

[1] Probably the Rev. Occum used the wrong name. Sawwonnuntoh is South God, from Shawan, south, and manitou, god.

beans and corn, their pumpkins, squashes, and all such things. They suppose the wicked go to the same place or country with the righteous; but they are to be exercised in some hard servile labour, or some perplexing exercise, such as fetching water in a riddle, or making a canoe with a round stone, &c.

These were common notions with all Long Island Indians.[1]

[1] Rev. Sampson Occum, *Collections Massachusetts Historical Society*, First Series, Vol. X, pp. 108 *et seq.*

IV

CONTACT WITH THE WHITES

When Hudson, in September, 1609, entered the lower bay, and later sailed up into the river which has been called for him, he found the natives filled with wonder at his pale-faced crew and his strange vessel. They were not always friendly, for, apparently without provocation, they attacked a small scouting party that had proceeded up the Kill van Kull as far as Newark Bay, and shot one of the men, John Coleman, an Englishman, dead with an arrow. Later on, on Hudson's return from the upper Hudson, they had several skirmishes with the natives, all of which ended disastrously for the Indians.

So much for these first encounters as seen from the white man's standpoint. Let us turn to the natives and see if they have any tradition of the momentous event which led to the downfall of their people. As early as 1649 we have records of the local tradition of their first encounter with the whites. The Indians were at first convinced that the ship which entered the bay was some great sea monster. Runners were at once sent to collect the chiefs of the various tribes,

who gathered on Manhattan Island to view the strange apparition.

They quickly came to the conclusion that the wonderful object was a huge canoe, or a house in which the great Manitou himself was coming to visit them. A hasty council was held on the spot in order to determine how the Manitou should be received. Food of every sort was hastily gathered, the tribal medicines and fetiches were examined and put in order, and all arrangements were made for a great dance and ceremony of welcome. Between hope, fear, and confusion the dance began, and when it had scarcely started fresh runners dashed up to say that the thing was really a large house of various colors, full of strange people of different color from any on earth, and one of these seemed altogether red. Great terror seized some of the savages who were for running away, but most of them were prevailed upon to stay for fear the wonderful visitors might be offended, and destroy them all.

At last the great house stopped its progress, and a canoe bore the red clothed Manitou ashore. The chiefs and councillors formed a great circle into which the strangers came and saluted them in friendly fashion. The simple natives were overcome with admiration for the wonderful red coat and shining gold lace, and wondered why this great Manitou should have a white skin.

Presently one of the attendant dieties stepped for-

ward with a vessel from which was poured a cup full of liquid for the Manitou, who drank, and having the glass refilled, handed it to the chief next him. The wondering wildman smelled the glass timidly, and passed it on, and so the strange liquor passed around the circle until one brave warrior sprang to his feet and harangued the multitude on their rudeness, the glass was handed them by this Manitou to drink from, as he himself had done before them. Then with a magnificent gesture, the warrior said that he believed it was for the good of his people that the draught had been offered them, and that whatever befell it was better for one man to die than for the whole tribe to perish. With these words the Indian bade his people farewell and quaffed the drink. The effect was eagerly watched by the Indians, and his subsequent drunken stupor alarmed them, but when he recovered, and expressed his sensations as being the most remarkable he had ever had, the entire company wished to drink, and some became intoxicated. For this reason the Delawares know the spot where this strange event took place, as Mannahachtanink, the "Island or place of general intoxication."[1]

After the first so-called purchase of Manhattan Island had been effected, the Hollanders settled down

[1] The version of the story which I have given is one collected by the missionary Heckewelder in 1761 or thereabouts. The Canadian Delawares at least still translate the word Manhattan or Manhatanink as "the place where they all got drunk."

to raise their little crops and trade with the wandering Indians, who thronged about the little village at the Battery, "hospitable when well treated, and ready to serve the White Man for little compensation." Mutual good will prevailed, and, as time went on, the Indians began to realize that the White Man was a mortal after all, and not a fair-skinned god. On the other hand the Hollanders grew to despise the military power of the naked savages. The poorer sort began to impose upon the Indians, to rob them, and even worse. One bright day a Weckquaesgeck Indian and his little nephew came into town with a valuable load of furs to trade. On the way they fell in with a party of dissolute whites, who, covetous of the burden the redman bore, waylaid, murdered and robbed him. The child escaped in the underbrush, and made his way home to his people. The white authorities paid no attention to the crime, a "wilden" more or less was no matter. But the spark of blood vengeance was kindled in the breast of the baby warrior, and an Indian never forgets.

From time to time the Dutch added to their domain by purchasing tracts of land round about. In August, 1630, Michael Paw bought Staten Island. It is quite clear from the fact that this island was purchased again and again from the Indians that they had no idea at first that they were actually parting with their forests and fields forever, but rather

they were selling the right to hunt, live upon, and till the soil to the pale strangers.

The settlement grew, and stragglers began to push out away from the main body. The first white settler of Harlem, Doctor de la Montagne, built a cabin at Seventh Avenue and 115th Street in 1636, despite the continued protests of the natives that they had not parted with the upper part of Manhattan Island. Yet the Indians did no more than complain, and the Dutch could say that they "pursue their outdoor labor without interruption, in the woods, as well as in the field, and dwell safely, with their wives and children, in their homes, free from any fear of the Indians." How long these things might have continued it is impossible to say, but with the appointment of Governor Kieft the golden age of old Manhattan ended.

That ponderous minded individual, desiring to raise the Colony's revenue, decided in 1639 to impose and collect upon the savages. As well as try to tax the wolves and deer that range the forest depths. The Indians, who neither understood nor cared, did not swell the city coffer with their furs, and collection was impossible.

A settlement had been started in New Jersey on the South Branch of the Raritan, and when, in the following year, some servants of the Dutch West India Company were on their way there from New Amsterdam, they landed on Staten Island long enough to

steal some hogs. The Raritans were blamed at first, and Kieft seized upon this slim excuse as a pretext to chastize them, and sent his secretary, Van Tien Hoven, with seventy armed men, with orders to invade the Indian cantons on Staten Island, destroy all the lodges, and capture as many savages as possible. Perhaps the men had private orders from the Governor, for, once landed on the Island, the party became insubordinate and declared they would kill every Indian they could lay hands upon. In vain Van Tien Hoven tried to show them that their folly could have only disastrous results, in vain he pleaded with them in the cause of humanity; the men were obdurate, and Van Tien Hoven, in despair, declared that he washed his hands of the matter, and left the party.

After an all night march, they found and surprised the unsuspecting savages, murdered several and took the chief's brother captive. They then fired the lodges, cut down the corn, murdered their prisoners, and retreated with the loss of one man, whom they were too cowardly to bear off, but left dead upon the field of action.

The Raritans did not fail to strike back. De Vries' plantation, which stood on the Island, was burned; although the Indians afterward expressed regret at having done damage to his property, when they learned that they had injured their friend. Kieft promptly offered a bounty of ten fathoms of wampum for every Raritan scalp brought in, and encouraged

several of the neighboring tribes, jealous — as Indians always are jealous — of their neighbors, to earn the promised rewards. Our friend De Vries says in his Journal:

1641 — Nov. 2 — There came a chief of the Indians of Tankitekes, named Pacham, who was great with the governor in the fort. He came in great triumph bringing a dead hand on a stick and saying that it was the hand of the chief who had killed or shot with arrows our men on Staten Island, and that he had taken revenge for our sake, because he loved the Swannakens (as they call the Dutch), who were his best friends.

Presently the affair blew over, but the Indians allowed their rage to smoulder on. They stalked among the Dutch and lounged about the palisades of the fort as before, but they averted their eyes from the faces of the Hollanders, were insolent and morose to the traders, and bought powder, balls, and muskets whenever they could be obtained, and it became daily less safe to go unarmed in the outskirts of the Colony.

All this time the nephew of the Weckquaesgeck, whom the Whites had murdered for his furs in years gone by, was growing up. Never for a moment had he forgotten, that, according to Indian law, his hand must some day avenge his uncle, and now the time seemed ripe. He had been working for an old fellow called Claes Swits, who lived in Yorkville at Turtle Bay. Remembering that his uncle had been robbed as well as murdered, he pretended he wished to trade,

and thus got the old man to betray the place wherein he kept his little stock. The crafty savage then destroyed him, and made away with his effects.

A yacht was promptly sent by Kieft to the Weckquaesgeck town, but his demand for the culprit was refused. The Indians could not see why the score was not even, and their chief replied insolently that he "wished twenty Swannekins had been murdered." The Indians were armed and dangerous, so the valorous Kieft deferred attacking them until they were done trading corn and the warriors had begun the fall hunt.

About this time also I walked to Ackingh-sack [says De Vries], taking a gun with me, in order to see how far the colony of Heer Vander Horst had advanced, as it was only a short hour's journey behind my house. On approaching Ackinghsack, about five or six hundred paces from where the colony was started, an Indian met me who was entirely drunk. He came up to me and struck me with the arm, which is a token of friendship among them, and said I was a good chief; that when he came to my house, I let him have milk and everything for nothing; that he had just come from this house, where they had sold him brandy, into which they had put half water; that he could scoop up the water himself from the river, and had no need of buying it; that they had also stolen his beaver-coat, and he wanted to go home and get his bow and arrows, and would kill some one of the villainous Swannekens who had stolen his goods. I told him he must not do so. I then proceeded on to the house of Heer Vander Horst, and I told some soldiers

and others who were there that they must not treat the Indians in that manner, as they were a very revengeful people, and resembled the Italians in that particular. I then returned home, and on my way, shot a wild turkey weighing thirty pounds, and brought it along with me. I was not long home when there came some chiefs from Ackinghsack, and from Reckawanck [probably Manhattan], which was close by me, and informed me that one of their Indians, who was drunk, had shot a Dutchman dead, who was sitting on a barn thatching it. They asked me what they should do; they said they durst not go to the fort; that they would give one or two hundred fathom of Zeewan to the widow and then they would be at peace. I told them that they must go with me to the fort, and speak to the Commander; but they were afraid that, on going to the fort, he would not permit them to return home. I made them good heart, by telling them that I would deliver them safe home. They went with me, at length, to the fort; and, going to Commander Kieft, told him the misfortune which had happened to them. He answered the chief of the Indians that he wanted the Indian who had done the act to be brought to him. They said that they could not do so, as he had run away a two days' journey to the Tanditekes; but they wished the Commander to listen to them as they desired in a friendly way to make the widow contented, and to pay for the man's death with Zeewan, which is their money; it being a custom with them, if any misfortune befel them, to reconcile the parties with money. They laid the blame on our people, saying that it was because we sold the young Indians brandy or wine, making them crazy, as they were unaccustomed to drink; that they

had even seen some people, who were habituated to strong drink, frequently intoxicated, and fight with knives. They therefore desired that no liquor should be sold to the Indians, in order to prevent all accident for the future. It seemed as if they had some fear that the governor would detain them, so they answered him that they would do their best to get the Indian, and bring him to the fort. They then took their departure; but on the way they told me that they could not deliver up the Indian to him, as he was a Sackemaker's son — that is to say, as above, a chief's son. And thus the matter passed off.

When the fall arrived, a council was called by Kieft on the first of November, 1641, in which the advisability of attacking the Indians was discussed. Nothing was done at the time, because it was suspected that the savages were still on the *qui vive*, but early in 1642 it was learned that the fears of the Indians were lulled, and Ensign Hendrick Van Dyck, with eighty men, was sent out to surprise the Weckquaesgecks. Led by Tobias Teunissen, who claimed to be familiar with the trail, they lost their way in the dark and, after wandering about aimlessly, returned to the settlement without seeing a redskin. Intimidated by this, however, the Indians made a treaty of peace with the Dutch, meeting in Bronk's house in Morrisania to sign the document. From these scenes let us turn our attention for a time to another quarter, and look into the history of the five Indian nations who inhabited the western part of our Empire State.

During the fourteenth century a handful of small tribes, at war among themselves and warred upon by all other nations, drifted southward into what is now New York, and gradually occupied the central and western portion of the State. Harrassed by their enemies, who did not cease to attack them, and wasting away through internecine wars, their doom seemed certain, when, a hundred years later, a far-sighted statesman among them, whose name, through mistaken identification, is now a household word among us, conceived the idea of forming a league of the Five Tribes, — an offensive and defensive alliance for their preservation.

This was the Hiawatha whom we have long known as the hero of Ojibway legend, and who really had nothing whatever to do with the adventures which Longfellow has so delightfully given us in verse. The Ojibway hero was the mystical personage Nanaboso, whom the poet confounded with the historical character of the Iroquois. The Five Tribes were the Seneca, Cayuga, Onondaga, Oneida, and Mohawk, who were destined later to attain, after a romantic and bloody career, an ascendency over the other Indian nations comparable only to that of the Aztecs, to crush the power of France in the New World, and then to collapse miserably almost in an hour.

The country of the great league lay across the State, and, with typical Indian symbolism, the savages called it the "Long House," choosing the title

from the similarity of their boundaries to the ground plan of their favorite form of dwelling. The Senecas in the west and the Mohawks in the east were the guardians of the western and eastern doors respectively, while the Onondagas were the Fire Keepers of the league.

Each of the component tribes was independent in all matters of local interest only. It was divided into a certain number of clans, each, like the clans of the Delawares, claiming descent through their mothers from a common ancestor, and the members of each clan being obliged to marry outside the group. Each had its own council, in which every adult man or woman was privileged to take part and vote and from which members were elected to the tribal council, from which again members were elected to the Great Council of the league, which met at Onondaga. The members of the Great Council were limited in number to forty, and though the number of representatives differed in different tribes, and each had equal authority, for no one tribe, regardless of the number of its councillors, had any greater power than another. The fifty sachemships were founded in perpetuity in certain clans of the five tribes, and these tribes retained the right to fill vacancies by vote or to depose an unworthy sachem.

The vote of the Great Council had to be unanimous, and, as the sachems voted by tribes, each tribe had the veto power over the others. The Great Council could not convene itself, but any of the constituent tribes

might call upon it to meet. There was no executive head for the five tribes, but in time of war two war chiefs were appointed among the Senecas.

It is not necessary for us to give a detailed account of the rising fortunes of the Iroquois, of their wars with the French, engendered by a rash act of Samuel de Champlain, and their firm alliance, first with the Dutch, and later with the English. Suffice it to say that after they acquired firearms, they pushed their conquests in every direction. To the north they set upon the Ojibway and Cree, pressing their bloody raids even into the wilds of Labrador and among the snow houses of the Eskimo. To the east they fell upon the New England tribes; to the west they annihilated the Hurons and the Eries, their own kindred, and made the haughty Sioux tremble in their lodges. In the south alone their progress was checked by the powerful Cherokees, a tribe closely related to them by ties of blood and language.

The Dutch, when they settled at Albany, or Fort Orange, met the easternmost tribe of the league, the Mohawks, and, learning the influence of their name among the nations that clustered about Fort Amsterdam, made overtures to them and procured their promise to assist the white men against the Hudson River and Long Island tribes, if occasion should require it.

Thus the unfortunate Delawares and Mohegans were ground beneath the upper and nether millstones.

For many years prior to the coming of the Dutch, they had suffered severely from Mohawk raids. The League had forced them to pay tribute in dried oysters and wampum before guns and powder were known to them. Now matters were worse than ever. A lone Mohawk messenger would descend upon a village of Manhattans and demand tribute. As he passed about among the thatched lodges with all the arrogance of a Roman senator, the dusky warriors might grind their teeth and clench their fists, but they dared not refuse him, much less do him violence. I have heard old Iroquois boast that when their messengers failed to return, so swift, sure and terrible was the reckoning, that when one fell ill in an Algonkin village, his enemies nursed him and cared for him until he grew well, rather than face ruin if he did not go back.

It is said in a local tradition, for which I cannot vouch, that the Canarsies, who dwelt where Brooklyn now is, were urged by the Dutch to resist the tribute of the Mohawks; they slew the next messengers sent them, and their downfall followed, so that not a Canarsie is left today. The surviving Shinnecocks, a few years ago, still held memories of Mohawk raids and massacres. The feeble remnant of Mohegans in Connecticut yet hate the name of their arch enemies; and the Delawares, as every one knows through Cooper, were actually forced by the Iroquois to lay aside their arms and perform the duties of women for a time.

In the pottery that is found on the sites of our local Indian villages, traces of the influence of the Iroquois may be plainly seen.

About the time of the troubles between the Dutch and the local tribes, a war party of the ferocious Mohawks [1] swept down upon the tribes of the lower Hudson. Alarms spread like wildfire among the scattered cantons, and the Indians stampeded through the deep snow to the Dutch stronghold at Manhattan, where they implored protection. This they were granted, and for a couple of weeks they were well cared for.

At the end of this time the Indians began to drift back to their lodges, but scarcely had they lighted their fires again, when a second alarm sent them terrified back to the shadow of the Dutch stockade. The fugitives, mainly Hackensacks, formed two divisions, one of which camped at Pavonia, while the other crossed over to Manhattan Island and occupied the fields at Corlear's Hook on East River, near the present Grand Street Ferry. Let us permit Mynheer de Vries, "the good whiteman," to tell in his own words the story of these stirring events.

Anno 1643. The 22nd of February, there broke out a war among the Indians. The Mayekanders,[2] who

[1] There is some divergence of opinion on this point. Some say that they were really the Mahikans who dwelt below Fort Orange.

[2] The Mahikans are usually called Mahikanders, etc., by the

came from Fort Orange [Albany] wanted to levy a contribution upon the Indians of Wickquasgeck and Tappaen, and of the adjacent villages. There were eighty to ninety of them, each with a gun on his shoulder. There came flying to my house, four or five hundred Indians, desiring that I would protect them. I answered that I could not do it, as the Indians at Fort Orange were our friends, and that we could not interfere with their wars; that I now saw that they were children, and that they were flying from all sides from eighty to ninety men, where they themselves were so many hundred strong; that it was displeasing to me that they should be *such* soldiers, as it was to Mannetoe himself, — that is to say, the devil, but that I saw now that they were children. As my house was full of Indians, and I had only five men with me, I made ready to go to the fort to obtain some soldiers for the purpose of having more force at my house. So I took a canoe, as my boat was frozen up in the kill, and went in the canoe, or hollow tree, which is their boat, as before related, between the cakes of ice, over the river to Fort Amsterdam where I requested Governor Kieft to assist me with some soldiers, as I was not master of my own house, because it was so full of Indians, although I was not afraid they would do any harm; but it was proper I should be master of my own house. The Governor said he had no soldiers; that I must see how it would be in the morning and stop at night with him, which I did. The next day the Indians came in troops from my house to Pavonia, by the Oyster Bank, where the great body of them encamped. Some of them came

Dutch, but in this instance the context makes it probable that the Mohawks were really meant.

over the river from Pavonia to the fort. I spoke to some of them and they said that they had all left my house. These Indians went to Corlaer's bouwery, where there were some Indians from Reckeweck, opposite the Fort, on Long Island, who were under a chief, named Nummems, whom I well knew.

The 24th of February, sitting at a table with the Governor, he began to state his intentions, that he had a mind to *wipe the mouths of the Indians.* . . I answered him that there was not sufficient reason to undertake it. [De Vries protested passionately]. . . But it appeared that my speaking was of no avail. He had, with his co-murderers, determined to commit the murder, deeming it a Roman deed, and to do it without warning the inhabitants in the open lands, that each one might take care of himself against the retaliation of the Indians. . . So was this business begun between the 25th and 26th of February in the year 1643. I remained that night at the Governor's, sitting up. I went and sat in the kitchen, when, about midnight I heard great shrieking. . . Saw nothing but firing, and heard the shrieks of the Indians murdered in their sleep. I returned again to the house, by the fire. Having sat there awhile, there came an Indian with his squaw whom I knew well, and who lived about an hour's walk from my house, and told me that they two had fled in a small skiff, . . . that the Indians from Fort Orange had surprised them, and that they had come to conceal themselves in the fort. I told them they must go away immediately, that there was no occasion for them to come to the fort to conceal themselves; that they who had killed their people were not Indians but the Swannakens, as they called the Dutch. They then asked me how they could get out of the fort. I took them

to the door, and there was no sentry there, and so they betook themselves to the woods. When it was day, the soldiers returned to the fort, having massacred or murdered eighty Indians, and considering that they had done a deed of Roman valour, in murdering so many in their sleep; where infants were torn from their mothers' breasts, . . . and miserably massacred in a manner to move a heart of stone. Some were thrown into the river, and when the fathers and mothers endeavored to save them the soldiers would not let them come on land, but made both parents and children drown — children from five to six years of age, and also some decrepit persons. Many fled from the scene and concealed themselves in the neighboring village, and when it was morning, came out to beg a piece of bread, and be permitted to warm themselves; but they were murdered in cold blood.

I have been obliged to omit the shocking details of the massacre which De Vries so graphically describes, from their pure horror.

And these poor simple creatures, so also many of our own people, did not know any better than that they had been attacked by a part of other Indians — the Maquas.[1] After this exploit the soldiers were rewarded for their services. . . At another place in the same night at Corlear's Hook, or Corlear's plantation, forty Indians were in the same manner attacked in their sleep, and massacred there in the same manner as the Duke of Alva did in the Netherlands, but more cruelly. This is indeed a disgrace to our nation, who have so generous a governor in our Fatherland as the Prince of Orange, who has always endeavoured

[1] Here indeed De Vries refers to the Mohawks.

in his wars to spill as little blood as possible. As soon as the Indians understood that the Swannekens had so treated them, all the men whom they could surprise on the farm-lands they killed; but we have never heard that they have ever permitted women or children to be killed.

The Indians were mad with rage and set out for revenge. Says De Vries:

They burned all the houses, farms, barns, grain, haystacks, and destroyed everything they could get hold of. So there was an open destructive war begun. They also burnt my farm, cattle, corn, barn, tobacco house, and all the tobacco. My people saved themselves in the house where I lived, which was made with embrasures, through which they defended themselves. Whilst my people were in this state of alarm, the Indian whom I had aided to escape from the fort came there, and told the other Indians that I was a good chief, that I had helped him out of the fort, the killing of the Indians took place contrary to my wishes. Then they all cried out together to my people that they would not shoot them; that if they had not destroyed my cattle they would not do it; that they would not burn my house; that they would let my little brewery stand, though they had melted the copper-kettle, in order to make darts for their arrows; but learning now that it (the massacre) had been done contrary to my wish, they all went away, and left my house unbesieged. . .

The outlying settlers at Harlem were attacked and slaughtered; their families carried off, and their property burned or captured. The farms at Pavonia and on Long Island were swept away, and an old docu-

ment says: "Staten Island, where Cornelius Melyn settled (1643) is unattacked as yet, but stands hourly expecting an assault."

There is, fortunately for us, a source, albeit a rare one, for the history of this war. It is the journal of our good De Vries, from which we have so often quoted. In his naïve and graphic style he has left us an excellent story of the struggle, of which he was not a mere eye-witness, but an actual participant. Owing to the fact that this work is exceedingly hard to obtain, only 250 copies of the translation having been made, and because of the interest which attaches to the writer and his personal adventures, told at first hand, I again take the liberty of letting the excellent patroon speak for himself.

The 4th of March there came three Indians upon Long Island, with a small white flag, and called out to the fort. Then Governor William Kieft asked who would go over to them. There was no one who was willing to do so, among all of them, except Jacob Olferz and I, David Pieterz de Vries. We went to the three Indians. They told us that they came from their chief, who had sent them to know the cause why some of his Indians had been killed, who had never laid a straw in our way, and who had done us nothing but favours. We answered them we did not know that any of their Indians were among them. They then said we must go and speak with their chief, who had fled seven miles from there on the sea-coast. We resolved to go with the Indians, for we believed that they were well disposed toward us two.

At evening we arrived at *Rechqua akie,* where we found the chief, who had only one eye, with two or three hundred Indians, and about thirty houses. They led us into his house, when there came an Indian to me, as the moon was shining, and told me I must come into his hut. I then went into hut, and by the light saw he was an Indian, who lived half a mile from my house at Vriessendall, with his squaws, who lived there with him, at which I was alarmed. Then he assured me, saying, that I was a good chief, and that I came to make *Rancontyn Maruit*; that is, in their language, to make a peace. I asked them how they came so far from their dwelling. They answered that they were out a-hunting with these Indians, and had friends among them. I then returned to my comrade in the house of the chief. When the day began to dawn, we were awakened, and taken by an Indian, who led us into the woods about four hundred paces from the houses, and when we came there, sixteen chiefs were there of this Long Island, which is thirty [sic!] miles long. They placed us two by ourselves, and seated themselves around us, so that we two sat within a ring. There was one among them who had a small bundle of sticks, and was the best speaker, who began his oration in Indian. He told how first we came upon their coast; that we sometimes had no victuals; they gave us their Turkish beans and Turkish wheat [beans and maize], they helped us with oysters and fish to eat, and now for a reward we had killed their people. Then he laid down one of the sticks, which was one point. He related also that at the beginning of our voyaging there, we left our people behind with the goods to trade, until the ships should come back; they had preserved these people like the apple of their eye. . . He

then laid down another stick. This laying down of sticks began to be tedious to me, as I saw that he had many still in his hand. I told him that I knew all these things which he had told; that as to what happened to the Indians of Long Island, we were ignorant of any of them being with the other Indians; they should go with us to the fort, where the Governor would give them presents for a peace. . . When we reached the canoes, we found that the tide had not yet begun to make, and that we must wait some time before it would be in flood. In the mean time, an Indian came running up with a bow and arrow, who had come on a run six miles on behalf of a chief who had not been with us, and asked the chiefs who were going with us to the fort if they were so foolish as to go to the fort where there was such a villain, who had caused their friends to be so foully murdered; and who, when so many chiefs were together at the fort, would keep them there, and thus all the Indians would be in distress, being without heads or chiefs, and the chief from whom he came would be entirely without advisers. They then asked us two if we understood what he said. We answered that this was a silly Indian, that they would find it otherwise, and would return home with good presents. Then one of the chiefs who knew me said we will go on the faith of your word, for the Indians have never found you to lie to us as they have the other Swannekens. Finally, twenty of us went sitting in a canoe, or hollow tree, which is their boat, and the edge was no more than a hand's-breadth above the water. Arrived at the fort about three o'clock in the afternoon. William Kieft came and made peace with the Indians, and gave them some presents. He requested them to bring those chiefs to the fort who had lost so many

Indians, as he wished also to make a peace with them, and to give them presents. Then some of them went and brought the chiefs of Ackin-sack and Tappaen and the vicinity, and the chiefs came forward, to whom he made presents; but they were not well content with them. They told me that he could have made it, by his presents, that those days would never again be spoken of; but now it might fall out that the infants upon the small boards [who were murdered] would be remembered. They then went away grumbling with their presents.

The 20th of July, a chief of the Indians came to me, and told me he was very sad. I asked him wherefor. He said that there were many of the Indian youths, who were constantly wishing for a war against us, as one had lost his father, another his mother, a third his uncle, and also their friends, and that the presents or recompense were not worth taking up; and that he would much rather have made presents out of his own purse to quiet them; but he could no longer keep them still, and that I must be careful in going alone in the woods; that those who knew me would do me no harm, but I might meet Indians who did not know me, who would shoot me. I told him that he ought to go to Commander Kieft at the fort, and tell the same things to him. We went to the fort, and coming to the Commander, the chief of these Indians told the same things to him. Commander Kieft told this Indian he was a chief of the Indians, and must kill all these young madcaps who wished to engage in a war with the Swannekens, and he would give him two hundred fathoms of Zeewan. I then laughed within myself, that the Indian should kill his friends for two hundred fathoms of Zeewan, — that is eight hundred guilders, — to gratify us. It is true

that they do so toward each other, when they are at enmity with each other, but not at the will of foreigners. Then the Indian said this could not be done by him; that there were many malcontents. Had he (Governor) paid richly for the murder, it would have been entirely forgotton. He himself would do his best to keep them quiet, but he was afraid he could not, for they were continually calling for vengeance.

A short time afterwards the expected outbreak of the young warriors occurred. Going to the house of Jacob Stoffelz, a friend of the redmen who lived in Pavonia, some eight or nine warriors persuaded him to go to the fort for them, while he was absent, suddenly surprised and massacred some soldiers who were stationed at his house as a guard. They then burned the house, and made off with Stoffelz's son, a prisoner.

De Vries was entreated to recover the prisoner, and went again to the hostile Indian camp, where, as usual, he was well received. He persuaded two Indians to go back to New Amsterdam with him to treat with the Governor, who had promised them protection if they came in. In spite of the promise a mob gathered to lynch the savages, and it was only by great effort that De Vries contrived their escape. In the end, however, his negotiations were successful. The lad was ransomed and the dove of peace cooed once more.

In 1644 Joachim Pietersen Kuyter, with a force of forty burghers, and thirty-five Englishmen under

Lieutenant Baxter, with several soldiers from the fort under Sergeant Pieter Cock, and all under the charge of Councillor La Montagne, attempted an expedition against the Indians of Staten Island. They started out after sundown, and arrived on the Island at a late hour. All through the night they struggled along in the forest, and at daybreak they came upon the round-roofed wigwams of the Indians. But keen eyes had watched their clumsy progress in the dark, and the village was empty. The troops burned the lodges and withdrew, bearing away in triumph about six hundred skepels (a skepel is about three pecks) of corn. Captain Kuyter's house in Harlem, Zegendal, had hitherto withstood the Indians; but early in March, 1645, a fiery arrow set it ablaze, and it was destroyed in revenge for his attack on the Staten Island Indians.

The end of this war came with the burning of the Indian stronghold near Greenwich, Connecticut, and the appalling slaughter of its seven hundred inmates by a force of Dutch and English under Captain John Underhill, the Englishman of Pequot War fame, and the aid of the League of the Iroquois was solicited to prevent any Indians from coming "with weapons on Manhattan Island, nor in the vicinity of Christian dwellings."

Crushed, and apparently broken in spirit, the savages buried the hatchet. In the meantime the settlers began to overrun the very heart of the Indian ter-

ritory. A few honorably purchased the land, but many ruthlessly took what they would. Teunissen, who had taken a prominent part in the recent strife, squatted at Inwood, almost in the Indian village. A discussion arose between some of the worthy burghers and Kieft, who was recalled.

Things were not destined to run smoothly in the little colony, however. In September, 1655, a Hollander, Henry Van Dyck, the Schout-fiscal of New Netherland, who dwelt on the west side of Broadway, just above Bowling Green, shot and killed a squaw whom he found in his orchard plucking his peaches. With their usual blindness, the authorities paid no attention to the matter, but the savages were too incensed to let it pass.

On the fifteenth of the month, early in the morning, nearly two thousand armed warriors from Hackensack, Tappan, and Stamford suddenly crowded the streets of New Amsterdam. They roved about, forcing entrance to the houses on the pretext of searching for some Mohawks, whom they declared were concealed therein. They offered no violence to any one, although they were insolent in the extreme, and destroyed and plundered what they could. The ingredients of a wholesale massacre were all at hand, and the slightest friction would precipitate a bloody outbreak.

Terrified beyond measure the city fathers persuaded some of the chiefs to enter the fort, where they were

finally induced to leave the city. The warriors, carrying their plunder and the presents which they had received, embarked in their dug-outs and paddled over to Governor's Island, where they proceeded to dance and prepare for further trouble.

In the meantime the whites armed themselves and prepared to resist any attack. Just at twilight the Indians came back. A band of them routed out Van Dyck, and when he appeared at his threshold, he was pierced to the heart with an arrow. A neighbor, Paulous Linderstien van der Grist, rushed to his assistance and was brained with a tomahawk. The alarm of these murders brought a company of soldiers, armed with guns, hastening to the spot, whereupon the Indians withdrew to the mainland, where they fell upon Pavonia and Hoboken and destroyed those little villages. Tobias Teunissen at Inwood was not forgotten, and he perished, "miserably surprised by the cruel barbarous savages." Fifteen people were slain on Staten Island, and twelve hundred skepels of grain were destroyed, to say nothing of the cattle and other property that fell to the Indians as booty. At Kingsbridge and in the Bronx lands were laid waste and the whitemen killed or driven away, and over one hundred women and children were in the hands of the Indians.

When Stuyvesant, then Governor of New Amsterdam, returned from a temporary absence, he found his colony too weak to punish the marauders, so he

was obliged to ransom the captives at the Indians' prices. The outlying settlers were deterred for the time from using their lands, and "the Peach War" ended in the success of the savage arms.

In 1659 a fierce war broke out with the Esopus and other upper Hudson tribes, and affairs continued unsettled until 1663, when the Indians were whipped and pacified for the time. In the same year, part of the Weckquaesgecks, who were under the displeasure of the Mohawks, came into Harlem for protection, which they received, and in 1664 a treaty was made with all the Hudson River tribes. That year the British took possession of New Amsterdam, and Indian troubles were nearly over.

Nearly over, indeed, for the Great League of the Iroquois had taken a hand in the struggle, and little war parties of the fierce Mohawks scouted the woods of Inwood, the Bronx, and Westchester for the scalps of Weckquaesgeck fugitives. When the Wampanoag warriors under King Philip were on the warpath in New England, treaties of friendship were made by the English with the Weckquaesgeck remnant, and orders were issued that all their canoes on the Westchester shore of the Sound should be laid up where they could not be used, and those Indians who were at their summer camp at Pelham Neck were commanded to "remove within a fortnight to their usual winter quarters within Hellgate" upon Manhattan Island.

By degrees the English governor, Lovelace, purchased that little land which was still in the possession of the savages, and in 1688 Colonel Stephen Van Cortlandt, acting for the town of New Harlem, bought up the last claims of the Weckquaesgecks, but, through some negligence, the full amount was not paid until March, 1715.

A few of the Indians lingered on for many years. Those who were affiliated with the Delawares joined the main body of that people and shared their romantic and pathetic wanderings to the West and down the Ohio to the Mississippi, contending every inch with the white conquerors. Others joined the Christian Delaware party, and some no doubt fell before the ruthless hands of the brutes who perpetrated the Massacre of Gnadenhutten. Some fled to the Iroquois in hopes that the hearts of these bloodthirsty warriors were less hard than those of the palefaces, and found asylum among their ancient conquerors, where their diminished blood still flows.

Those Indians most closely related to the Mohegans and Mahikans became part of the mongrel remnants of those people known as Brothertowns and Stockbridges. They rendered signal service to Washington in his campaign at Harlem Heights and Brooklyn, and at the close of the Revolution were granted lands in the West, in Wisconsin, and there, on the edge of the Menomini Reservation, and on the shores of Lake Oshkosh, their degenerate remnants may yet

be found. A few linger in Connecticut, a few on Long Island, a few in the Ramapo mountains, all mixed with the blood of negro and caucasian. The rest are with the Delawares and Iroquois in New York, Canada, and Oklahoma.

The last words of the Walum Olum are: "At this time, from north and south, the whites came. They are peaceful; they have great things; who are they?" The Delawares have learned.

V

ARCHAEOLOGY

When the last reluctant stragglers of the once powerful tribes dragged their lagging footsteps toward the West, they left behind them something more than a memory in the shape of the well-nigh imperishable traces of their former handicraft. To this day, except where the needs of civilized man have caused the obliteration of all the ancient landmarks, at every spot where fresh water runs into the salt, on sand dunes bordering on the salt meadows, beside wayside brooks, and on sunny knolls, there may still be found remains of Indian occupation.

Of all these traces, by far the commonest are the shell-heaps or kitchen middens, deposits of household debris usually marking the spot where an Indian village formerly existed. These kitchen middens are almost entirely composed of oyster, clam, mussel, or other sea shells, among which are mingled various discarded objects of native manufacture, such as bits of broken pottery, arrow points, bone awls and needles, and stone hammers. At intervals patches of discolored earth mixed with ashes, charcoal, and

stones cracked by heat, show where an Indian fireplace existed, and here especially the bones of fish and animals tell of former feasts, although these remnants may be found everywhere in the heap.

At the present time many of these shell-heaps are no longer visible, the earthy accumulation of several centuries has covered them over. The plow, however, often throws the shells up to the surface, heavy rains gulley the ground until they are exposed, banks crumble away and reveal their presence, or even small burrowing animals give a hint of their existence by casting out shells and sometimes implements in the course of their excavations. When the presence of a heap is suspected, it may be found by digging small "post holes" or by pushing an iron rod through the soil till it grates on the shells.

Shell-heaps are seldom far from the salt water. They are not often on the open sea, but are more abundant where a stream enters the salt water, forming a natural highway for the native canoemen, and furnishing drinking water for the makers of the heap. Now and again shell-heaps occur some distance inland, where the oysters or clams were brought, but the custom of drying shell fish and carrying inland large quantities strung together seems to have been more common than to carry the heavy fresh bivalves for any distance. One or two heaps of fresh water clam shells occur within our region, near the lakes where they were gathered.

Shell-heaps vary greatly in size. In some instances they are but a few inches thick and not more than several yards square, as though a band of oyster-eating Indians had remained but a few days in the spot. Others are three or four feet deep, and sometimes many acres in circumference. A good example of the latter class may be seen at Tottenville, Staten Island, along the bluff beyond the old Billop House. Almost directly opposite, on Cheesequakes Creek, at Morgan's Station, New Jersey, is one of the largest heaps in many miles. Others are at Glen Cove, Matinecock, Oyster Bay, and innumerable other places on Long Island. There are several good sized shell-heaps on Manhattan Island at Inwood, along Spuyten Duyvil Creek.

The thicker the shell-heap is, the older is its bottom layer, but as the surface is approached the age decreases and sometimes in the topmost part, near the surface, one may find gunflints and glass beads, showing that the heap was used after the coming of the white man. Sometimes the whitemen themselves camped near by and added to the debris. At Inwood, for instance, one can trace in the successive layers the oldest occupation of the Indian, as shown by crude tools, and follow his progress in the arts as shown by the increasing finer quality of these as one ascends; the trade pipes and gun flints of the white settlers, and finally the passing of the Indian and the relics of the Revolutionary soldiery — in this case British

troops, — as shown by their military buttons and lost accoutrements.

The layers in the shell-heap, where it has been in continual use since the first shells were thrown aside, are not always to be distinguished; but in a few cases the site has been abandoned, and after a few years the drifting leaves and forest mould have caused a thickness of earth to accumulate over it. Other Indians have come that way, liked the place, camped there, added their quota, and passed on, leaving their midden to nature to hide again; and so on, often for several successive times.

Round about under nearly all shell-heaps may be found bowl-shaped holes or "fire-pits." These often contain unmistakable traces of having had fires built in them, and are usually filled up with blackened dirt, shells, bones, potsherds, and ashes. These pits are of different sizes. Some are six or seven feet deep, and ten or twelve feet in circumference, but they average three or four feet in depth with a diameter of four to six feet. Presumably they were used as fireplaces or ovens, and were later on filled in with refuse. A few are old garbage pits, pure and simple, and show no signs of having been used to contain a fire. These pits are treasure troves for the archaeologist, for in them are usually the best bits of discarded pottery, tools of stone, bone, or antler, and, rarely, a whole or nearly perfect clay vessel has been found in one of these holes. Sometimes too, in time of war, the In-

dian hid some of his choicest possessions here, and, in winter time, bodies were often thrust in these pits and buried.

In the shell-heap proper, good instruments are not abundant, since only broken, worn-out, or useless things were consigned to this primitive dump. In the village or camp, which was usually near by, better things may often be discovered.

A few shell-heaps have nothing whatever in them in the way of objects of Indian make, and these may perhaps have been places where oysters and other shell fish were dried for export and trade with inland tribes and for home consumption. Others again, especially on Long Island, are composed entirely of broken shells, and these were no doubt the refuse from the manufacture of wampum.

Village sites are often, but not always, close to a shell-heap or group of shell-heaps. They also occur much farther inland, and are generally placed on light sandy soil which was warm, dry, and easily tilled by the primitive tools of the Indians. Fresh water near by was always a necessity for a native village or camp. The camps differ from the village in being much more restricted in size and in showing no traces of prolonged usage.

A village site may be most easily distinguished by the presence of innumerable flint chips, arrow points, net sinkers, hammer stones, potsherds, and often more finished implements, such as pipes or axes. Where

the ground has never been cultivated small circular depressions occasionally mark the old sunken fireplaces, but mounds are unknown and earthworks are very rare throughout this region. The only earthwork hereabout of which I have any knowledge is a walled enclosure on Croton Neck. Sometimes, where the soil is sandy or very light colored, ploughing reveals the sites of these former fireplaces by showing up the burnt and discolored earth in dark patches, and these often tell very accurately the exact location of each old-time lodge. Not infrequently, especially in villages near the sea shore, these fireplaces are veritable shell pits — fire pits filled up with shells — just like those that are found under the heaps. All these old fire pits are worth excavating because of the relics they contain, and often fine specimens may be found in the general village. Camp sites very rarely have any pits in connection with them. They were not used long enough for rubbish to accumulate.

Cemeteries are rarely found, except by accident. They are usually absolutely indistinguishable, for the Indians did not mark the graves of their dead in any permanent way. They are usually located on the sunny side of a warm, dry knoll — if sandy, so much the better — and are often far from the nearest village. They have been fully discussed in another chapter, in connection with Indian burial customs.

The most effective and most scientific way of exploring these old Indian shell-heaps, villages, and

cemeteries, is by excavation. When the surface crop of relics is abundant, or when discolored earth or numerous oyster shells suggest the presence of more beneath, digging should be resorted to. The best way to go to work is to find the edge of the shell-heap, village, or cemetery, and stake out a trench with pegs and twine, about ten feet broad and as long as the village is wide — or less. Beginning at the edge, the explorer digs inward across the site, *always following every trace of discolored or disturbed soil down to the end and a little beneath.* The virgin soil beneath is always lighter in color and more closely packed, and may thus be easily distinguished. No matter how far down the traces run, it is imperative to be sure that you have come to the end before you stop, because, while plain pits with nothing in them are sometimes as deep as six feet, not infrequently the skeleton of an Indian warrior may be found at the bottom of the hole, and graves often leave no other traces of their presence than a dark stain.

If there are layers in the shell-heap or village, it is well to keep track of them and write down in a pocket notebook their number and what you find in them. The depth of the heap, or the relic bearing layer of the village, should be taken; these often indicate the age of the site. All pits, graves, and the like should be measured for depth and breadth, and it is well to number them, and measure the distance of each from the beginnig of the trench. Thus: "Trench No. 1,

Pit 5, 4½ feet deep by 6 feet broad, contained blackened earth and deer bones; about 3 feet from the surface was the skeleton of a dog, laid on one side. A flint arrow point was found among the ribs and a large piece of decorated pottery under the skull."

The importance of numbering the pits is that they may afterwards be located and charted on a map of the site. Such maps often show interesting facts about the method employed by the Indians in camping, the number of lodges, and so on.[1] When delicate pottery or implements are found, it is well to use a trowel, or even the knife and fingers, to remove them. A whole pot should be gently laid bare and drawn or photographed *in situ* before it is removed. Many archaeologists do almost all their digging with a trowel, only using the shovel to rid the trench or pits of loose earth. It is advisable to wear gloves, and great care should be taken in excavating a shell pit or heap to avoid cutting the hands on the incredibly sharp-edged shells. The writer once received thirty-two cuts on his hands in one of his early ventures.

When a skeleton is found, it is necessary to proceed with great care, since the bones are usually very brittle. The earth near the skeleton should be taken off with a trowel and the bones exposed with the fin-

[1] For the best published instruction on methods of excavation, with an excellent example of the application of these methods, see "An Erie Indian Village and Burial Site," by A. C. Parker, N. Y. State Archaeologist, published as a Bulletin of the N. Y. State Museum, Albany, N. Y.

gers and a knife. Do not lift them out until you have exposed them all and they lie like a bas-relief on the soil beneath. Next brush them off gently with a paint brush, and draw or photograph them and the accompanying relics, if there are any, as they lie. It is better to call in an experienced archaeologist to assist in this undertaking. Such men may usually be found in any of the city museums, especially in the American Museum of Natural History. A museum, too, is the proper repository for these old bones, which are useless, as a rule, to the collector, but when classified, measured, and studied, are valuable to the scientist.

One more class of remains is yet to be discussed. These are the rock and cave shelters. Our Indians frequently used caves, clefts, or overhanging rocks, especially when fresh water was near by, as temporary shelters when they were on their fishing or hunting tours. These rock shelters are especially abundant in Passiac and Morris counties in New Jersey, and Rockland and Westchester counties in New York, and there are several splendid examples at Inwood near Spuyten Duyvil Creek on Manhattan Island, that have yielded many fine relics, now in the American Museum of Natural History. There are none on Long or Staten Islands, for the reason that the rocky fastnesses in which they are found do not exist there.

Under these overhanging ledges or in the caves, beneath leaves and forest mould, may be found arrow

points, axes, pendants, pottery, deer bones, and other relics of bygone natives. Like the shell-heaps, they often show successive layers of occupation, and it has been reported by two acknowledged authorities, Messrs. Schrabisch and Harrington, that pottery is always absent in the lower layer. As this may mean that these caves were used by the first Indians to come into this neighborhood, and who may have been ignorant of the potter's art, it is very interesting, and scientists would be glad of further information, negative or affirmative, on the subject. I have heard of one or two burials in rock shelters, but here again data is lacking.

In a few localities old Indian trails, stone fish weirs built up across the streams, and other traces of native occupation, may still be found, but the list of the types of Indian relics which I have given here is practically complete. In no case have we anything that can be taken as proof that this region was ever occupied by any other people than our native Indians and their ancestors, or by tribes very similar to them; and there is no evidence that they lived here more than five centuries before the first white settlers arrived.

VI

THE RELICS OF OUR INDIANS

ARTICLES OF CHIPPED STONE

Of all our legacies from the vanished redmen, by far the most abundant are the omnipresent arrow points. Strewn broadcast over the land, they may be found in one's very dooryard, and fields that have been under cultivation for nearly three hundred years still yield a goodly crop when washed by the spring rains.

While the forms in which these little weapons were chipped are legion, still two main types from which the others were derived may be noted. These are the notched or stemmed points, said to have been used in hunting, the notches being used to bind the head firmly to the shaft, and the triangular arrow heads, which were presumably used only for warfare, as they were loosely fastened and were likely to come off in a wound if any attempt were made to tug the arrow out. As an argument in favor of the use of these triangles of flint in fighting, the Raritan graves at Tottenville, Staten Island, may be cited again. In and among the mouldering bones of these departed

warriors were twenty-three arrow points, several of which were triangular flints. On the other hand, there is very good evidence that the Iroquois of western New York used the triangular flint heads for all purposes. Blunt arrow points are rare because the Indians preferred wooden headed arrows for stunning game.

The kinds of stone used in the manufacture of these weapons are almost as numerous as the shapes they take. Argillite from the Delaware valley near Trenton, quartz and quartzite from quarries on Manhattan Island or the nearby mainland, or the drift of Long Island, jasper from seaside pebbles, pink flint that must have come from the Flint Ridge of Ohio, — all are found scattered over the old domain of our savages. The occurrence of materials foreign to the neighborhood no doubt shows the prevalence of barbaric trade and travel.

Stone arrow points have been made by many tribes up to well within the historic period. The typical method of procedure seems to have been to first block out the rough form of the point by striking the flint mass with a stone hammer. Then a piece of dry bone or antler was brought to bear on the edge of the blank, and the arrow point was quickly finished by pressure.

None of the early settlers seem to have left us an account of the use of spears by our Indians, although bone or antler headed harpoons were surely common.

It is probable that most of the large arrow-head shaped implements were knives, although some of the heaviest of them seem too clumsy for such a use. Some stone knives are round, or oval, but for the most part they are like exaggerated arrow points. Of course these implements must have had a number of uses, and, like our own penknives, may have seen service as drills, knives, and scrapers all in one.

True scrapers are usually mere flint flakes, sometimes rechipped to a cutting edge when use has dulled them. Occasionally some were carefully made, but more often a broken arrow point was worked over for the purpose. A few specimens with a toothed edge have been recorded from Staten Island, and these are very rare anywhere in New England and the middle Atlantic States. Scrapers were used to flesh skins, to shape or sharpen bone tools, for wood-working, and various other purposes.

Drills are usually chipped tools with a long, narrow blade and a swollen or expanded base, suitable for grasping in the hand. In some cases, where there is no base, it is probable that a wooden haft was used. Some specimens have been found in which there was a deep circular cutting with a piece left in the center like a miniature diamond drill core. These show that some kind of a hollow drill was used, and perhaps a hard reed used with sand and water would have the proper effect. It is said that a half-drilled implement has been found along the shore of the Upper Hudson

in which the remains of such a reed drill were found in the cavity left by its action.

This concludes the list of the types of chipped implements of this region. Flint "fish-hooks" and other surprising forms are sometimes reported in various parts of the country, but so far none have reached our attention from this neighborhood. They are, almost without exception, fraudulent.

Articles of Rough Stone

Of rough stone implements we have a great quantity of hammerstones. These vary in form from ordinary pebbles picked up and used on the spot, and showing merely a battered edge or edges acquired by use, to more elaborate tools in which pits have been made on two opposite sides, to aid in grasping with the thumb and forefinger. A few stones of this type, which show no battering or any sign of wear, may have been used in playing a game. Sometimes large stones of this nature are found, and these may have seen service as anvils, especially in chipping flints.

A few grooved clubs or mauls occur, and these are either mere pebbles, grooved for hafting, or grooved axes, the blades of which have become too battered for use in chopping.

Net sinkers abound on all sites that are near the water, be it salt or fresh. These are of two kinds, one being a flat pebble notched on opposite sides of either the long or broad axis, or, in the other case, having

a groove pecked around the stone in the same manner. The latter variety is rather scarce, for the first is more easily made and was just as useful. The modern Ojibway and Cree Indians, residing in the bleak forests north of the Great Lakes, still use pebbles to sink their nets, but they do not notch or groove them; instead they merely tie them fast with the split roots of the spruce. Occasionally sinkers notched on all four sides are found hereabouts.

Hoes are usually rough chipped oval blades, sometimes notched to receive a handle. They usually show a slight polish on the blade, caused by friction with the ground. This is the sort of hoe that is mentioned by the early writers, but perhaps hoes of bone, shell, tortoise shell, or wood may have been used as well, although none have come down to us.

Hand choppers are simply pebbles chipped to an edge on one side. Occasionally one may be found that has been pitted like a hammer stone to aid the grip.

The regular ax of all Indians was a stone worked into a wedge shape, and furnished with a groove at the butt. They may be classified as (a) those made of pebbles, modified by grooving and chipping to an edge; and (b) axes which have been laboriously pecked into shape — indeed, these are sometimes polished. Our second class may be said to include:

1. Axes with a groove encircling three sides of the blade, one side flat.

2. Axes with a ridged groove encircling three sides of the blade, one side flat.

3. Groove encircling three sides of the blade, and a longitudinal groove on the flat side, probably for inserting a wedge.

4. Groove encircling the blade.

5. Ridged groove encircling the blade.

Another type, in which a double groove encircles the blade, is exceedingly rare in this region.

These grooved axes were hafted in a variety of ways. An old Cree Indian, living on the southern shore of Hudson's Bay, once told me that his people had formerly used such axes and that they hafted them by splitting a stick, setting the blade in it so that the forks fitted into the groove, and then binding the handle together with deer hide above and below the split. There are no hafted grooved axes still in existence from anywhere in the Eastern United States.

From the battered appearance of the butts of many axes, they may have been used as hammers or mauls. Some may have been used in war. They usually served in cutting down trees, making dugout canoes, mortars and other kinds of wooden utensils. In such cases fire was used as the active agent. It was kept in check by daubing wet clay over the portions not to be worked, and when the burning and charring were sufficiently done, the charcoal was cut away with a stone ax. A few stone axes seem to be sharp enough, even yet, to cut without the aid of fire.

Another kind of stone ax has no groove, its place being taken by a couple of notches. These are not uncommon, and are always much cruder than the grooved variety.

Celts are hatchets which have no groove or notch. They are less common in this region than the two previously mentioned types. There is a widespread notion that the celt was used as a skinning tool. This is probably untrue in the majority of cases, but the fact that the Cree use a bone implement of somewhat similar shape, is suggestive.

There were two methods of hafting the celt. The handle was usually a heavy club-like affair of wood, and the stone blade was set in a socket near the larger end. In other cases the blade was set in a hole that went all the way through the handle, so that the butt of the celt projected. In the American Museum there is a rare specimen, a stone celt in its original handle, which was dredged up from the muck of a pond bottom at Thorndale, Dutchess County, New York.

Two kinds of stone adzes are found hereabouts. The first is shaped like a celt, but is flat on one side, while the other is beveled to an edge. The second form is very similar, except that it is grooved around the butt. These were probably hafted by taking a stick, at one end of which a short branch projected at right angles, laying the flat side of the blade against his arm and lashing it fast. In some specimens the groove, of course, aided in securing the handle firmly.

Stone gouges, which are so common in New England, are very rare in this region. They are easily recognized, as they are very similar in shape to our own metal tools.

Long, cylindrical stone pestles are not uncommon. They were used in grinding corn in a hollowed log mortar.

On many sites stone mortars are found. They are small boulders with a hole in one or both sides, although sometimes large immovable rocks were used as permanent mills; a few are flat slabs, and pebbles, rounded and ground down by use were employed with them to crush corn.

Fragments of pigments, such as graphite and iron ore, showing that they been scratched by scrapers, are often picked up. These must have supplied the material for painting. Geodes, little natural disk-like iron concretions, were sometimes used for paint cups, and in the American Museum of Natural History there is such a cup, with a tiny stone pestle said to have been found with it, from Westchester County.

Plummets, or grooved pendants of stone, are sometimes to be had. They closely resemble our "plumb-bobs" in shape.

Smooth pebbles, with grooves apparently worn by rubbing a cord over their edges, are sometimes picked up. They are thought to have been used in smoothing sinew or bow strings.

On Staten Island, near Grasmere, a very extraor-

dinary stone head was found many years ago. It is one of the best examples of Indian skill in stone work in all this region, but it is not unique, for others, not quite so well made, have been found in nearby New Jersey and along the Hudson. The modern Delawares use effigies and masks of wood in many of their ceremonies, and no doubt this head had great importance to them.

Half-moon shaped, or semilunar knives rubbed out of slate, are very rare in this neighborhood, although they do occur. Exactly similar utensils are used by the Eskimo women of today, and the Cree now have metal scrapers of the same shape.

Various pebbles, with natural perforations, may be found on most sites, and these may well have been used as beads. A few undoubted stone beads have been found. Among them are some square beads of pinkish stone from Watchogue, Staten Island.

Articles of Polished Stone

Two varieties of gorgets or pendants are not uncommon. The first of these is a thin, flat, rectangular polished stone with two perforations near the center. The surviving Delawares in Canada claim to have used these as hair ornaments, binding them to their braids near the skull. This is the most common kind in this region. The other type has one hole at one end, and was used as a pendant. There are speci-

mens in the American Museum of Natural History that were found in use among the Iroquois.

One very beautiful class of objects are the "ceremonials," which archaeologists call "Banner Stones." As a matter of fact, no one has any idea of their real purpose, for there are no colonial records of their use, and no tribe of Indians has used them in historic times. The shapes which these implements have are manifold. Some resemble butterflies, others delicate hatchets. They are made of soapstone or slate which takes on a high polish. The types are roughly notched, grooved, and perforated.

Stone pipes are very rare. They are usually made of brightly polished soapstone, and have a flat platform-like stem, from the middle of which the bowl rises at right angles. They are called monitor pipes from their shape. Others are trumpet-like in form, and one, found on Manhattan Island, is rectangular, with a rough human face scratched on the front of the bowl. Oddly enough, more stone pipes have been reported from the Indian cemetery at Burial Ridge, Staten Island, than from all the rest of this region put together.

Vessels of soapstone are not abundant. Most of them were probably made in the Connecticut soapstone quarries, since there is no material within the limits of Greater New York. Only one variety occurs, a heavy, oval bowl, with an ear or handle at each end.

Articles of Clay

Pottery is exceedingly common on every old village site and shell heap in this vicinity. It is found less abundantly in the rock-shelters, and sometimes on camp sites.

The true native vessels in our vicinity may be classed as (a) conical, with a pointed bottom and slightly swollen sides; (b) like *a*, but with rounder bottom and sides; (c) bottom pointed, sides slightly swollen, neck a little narrowed; (d) the same as *c*, but with ears or handles just below the neck, a rare type; (e) very like *c*, except that it has a rounder bottom, and the lip flares out, sometimes even turning down and back; (f), like *e*, but with the sides more bulging and with a rounder bottom.

These are the true native types of our Algonkin tribes, but we find that, in many of the more recent sites at least, there are fragments of pottery showing undoubted influence of the Iroquois. Iroquois pottery, especially that of the Mohawk, who were most familiar to our tribes, was very characteristic. Their vessels often had a round body fitted to stand alone, narrow neck, and a heavy square collar with peaks at the angles, and a notched rim.

These vessels were probably not actually made by Mohawk potters, but by local Indians who had been prisoners among them long enough to learn the art, or who had come in contact with them in some other

way. These Iroquoian vessels are invariably better made than the native types.

In size these pottery vessels range from little toy-like pots to jars of several gallons' capacity. From an examination of the fragments found, it is apparent that these vessels were made by taking fine selected clay in which little pebbles or burned and pounded shells had been sprinkled for tempering, and making this into ropes or long narrow cylinders. Beginning at the bottom this was built around and upwards until the desired shape was obtained. Then the coils were rubbed smooth with a shell or a flat pebble. Sometimes a wash or sizing of bright colored clay was given to conceal the coils.

Then the decoration was added by stamping the design, by marking it with a roulette on which figures were cut, or by scratching the figures in the wet clay in free hand. The vessel was then dried and fired. Mr. James Mooney of the Bureau of American Ethnology[1] describes how this was done among the Catawba of North Carolina:

After the vessel had dried until the afternoon of the third day, in the sun, as far as possible, the surface was again rubbed inside and out with the polishing stone. This work occupied half an hour. After this the vase was placed before the fire where not exposed to drafts, and dried or baked half an hour. It was then ready for firing, which was conducted indoors.

[1] See 20th Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology, p. 54.

Oak bark was used for firing; Sally Wahuhu stated that poplar bark gave superior color and finish. Bark was preferred to wood, because it was more easily broken up and more convenient. A heap of bark was laid on a bed of living coals; the vessel was filled with broken bark and inverted over the pile of ignited bark and completely covered with the same fuel. The exterior bark was fired and the supply renewed for an hour, when the red hot vessel was taken out. It was kept away from drafts during the burning and the first part of the cooling to prevent cracking. It was allowed to cool near the fire until the red heat had disappeared, when it was removed to the open air. On examination it was found that the inside had been colored a deep, glistening black by the burning; but the exterior, save in spots where the bark had been dense and the fire much smothered, was of grayish and reddish tints.

There are very few perfect pottery vessels from the region of Greater New York in existence today, and most of these are in the American Museum or the Brooklyn Institute. As the old Algonkin squaws were sometimes slovenly housewives, grease and soot is often found still clinging to the fragments of the long broken vessels.

Figures of men or animals in clay are very rare in this section. From Manhattan and Staten Island there are vessels showing crude scratched or modelled human faces on pottery vessels, usually of the Iroquois type, and several of these may be seen in the collection of the American Museum of Natural History. A

well modelled clay face has been discovered in a shell heap at Port Washington, Long Island.

Clay pipes are quite common, and fragments of them occur on every Indian village site. In some cases the pipe is just a straight tube, slightly expanded at one end to form a bowl. Others have a round or flat stem, with a large bowl leaving it at an angle of forty-five degrees. Some effigy pipes may be found, since the human face in clay found at Port Washington, Long Island, seems to have been broken from a pipe bowl.

Articles of Metal

Beads of native copper, consisting merely of a thin bit of hammered sheet copper rolled into a small tube, have been found, but they are very rare. Copper salts, but no specimens, were found upon the bones, especially those of the head and neck, of a child's skeleton exhumed at Burial Ridge, Tottenville, Staten Island. These stains seem to indicate that copper beads were worn about the little one's neck. A great many beads made from a small species of shell (olivella), some of them discolored by copper salts, were also found about the neck of the skeleton. A single celt or hatchet of copper is said to have been found near Croton Neck in Westchester County. As no native copper occurs hereabout, these effects, or the material from which they were made, must have come either from the copper mines of New Jersey or from those of the Great Lakes.

Articles of Shell

The name "wampum" has become almost as well known to us as the words "tomahawk" and "Indian," yet many indeed are the persons who have little or no idea of the real meaning of the term.

Wampum was shell money in the form of small cylindrical beads. It was of two kinds: the white, and the blue or black. The white wampum was made from the inner whorls of the conch shell, the outer part being broken away and the innermost solid column laid bare. This was ground and polished at the end, laboriously sawed off with a flint knife, and perforated. The conches used to make white wampum may be found in all stages of the manufacture of this Indian money, and are especially abundant on Long Island. Ninety-six conch shells with the inner whorls broken away were found in a grave at Tottenville, Staten Island.

The blue or black wampum was manufactured from the lip of the quahog or hard clam shell, and few if any traces of its manufacture remain. Almost no completed beads of either sort have been found, and it is probably that these were all shipped away to the interior.

It will be readily seen that before the advent of the Dutch and English wampum must have been extremely hard to make with the crude tools in the possession of the Indians and commanded no little exchange value. The white men, however, soon learned to turn

out great quantities of these beads on lathes, and they greatly decreased in worth.

As money, they were used loose or in strings of blue or white, the blue being more valuable to both whites and Indians, before there was much actual coin in the country. Wampum beads were also used to ornament Indian garments, as belts, chains, and collars, and among the Delawares and Iroquois it also had a great ceremonial significance, no messenger being accredited without a belt. Tribal records were also kept with belts by means of mnemonic devices woven in them.

Presently bone, glass, porcelain, and even wood were used to counterfeit the real wampum, and it fell in disrepute as a money medium, and was soon abolished. Nevertheless the manufacture of wampum for the trade with more western tribes was kept up in Hackensack, New Jersey, and Babylon, Long Island, until very recent years.

Occasionally perforated oyster and clam shells were used as pendants, clam shells were used as scrapers and even knives, burnt and ground shells were used to temper pottery, and the corrugated edge of the scallop shell was sometimes pressed into the soft clay of an unfinished vessel in order to decorate it.

Articles of Bone and Antler

Objects made of bone and antler are not uncommon in the shell heaps and pits, although they are rarely

found on the surfaces, owing to their perishable nature.

Awls are the commonest of all bone articles in this neighborhood. Some are merely sharpened slivers of bone, but others show considerable care in their manufacture and are well polished. They are generally made of deer or bird leg bones.

Sometimes the joint of the bone is left for a handle. A few specimens are decorated by cross hatch scratching, but these are extremely rare. These tools were used as awls in sewing leather, as our modern shoemakers do, but some may have served as forks in removing hot morsels from the stewing pot. A great number of these were found together in one pit at Shinnecock Hills, Long Island, along with traces of a grand old feast, which lends support to the fork theory.

Bone needles are rare, still they occur in most places. They are generally made from the curved ribs of some large animal, usually deer, and are six or eight inches long. These were doubtless used in sewing together reeds to make mat wigwam covers, just as the Middle Western tribes do today.

Bone arrow points have been found at Tottenville, Staten Island, on Long Island, in a shell heap at Spuyten Duyvil, and, in fact, in a variety of localities. They are rather rare nowadays, though old records go to show that in Indian times they were probably more abundant than those of stone. They are of two

sorts: the conical hollowed type, shaped like the tips of a buck's antler, or they are made of a flat bone cut in triangular shape. Antler arrow points were made, according to the testimony of two old Indians of my acquaintance — one an Abenaki dwelling in the Adirondacks, the other a Seneca Iroquois — by boiling the tip of a buck's horn until it could be cut easily, and then hollowing it out to receive the shaft.

Harpoons of bone or antler are very rare here, although they are not uncommon in western New York. One fragment of what was apparently an implement of this sort was found in a shell heap at Shinnecock Hills, and a harpoon barb of bone, found by the writer, and now in the collection of the American Museum, was also discovered at this place. It was apparently made to tie to a wooden point. A few prongs from the tail of the sting ray, which are shaped by nature in the guise of harpoon heads, have been found, and no doubt these were used to capture fish. Long, slender stone arrow points are often thought to have been used for this purpose, but they do not seem well adapted for such service. So far no bone fish hooks have been reported, although they are found elsewhere in the State.

Bone beads and tubes are occasionally found, and these are merely polished sections of hollow bird bones. They are very abundant in western New York.

Draw shaves or beaming tools, made of the cannon

bone of the deer or some other large animal, were manufactured by splitting the bone, leaving a sharp blade in the middle with the joints on either end as handles. These are rare, indeed, hereabouts, but are sometimes found in shell heaps.

The teeth of the bear, wolf, and dog are often found, but, unlike the Indians of western New York, our aborigines seem to have had no idea of perforating them for pendants or charms. Beaver teeth, cut and ground to an edge appear, and were probably used for chisels.

Cups made of the upper shell of the box tortoise are not infrequent. They may be recognized by the fact that the ribs adhering to the inner side of the shell are cut away and the shell is carefully scraped and trimmed. A single box turtle carapace collected at Pelham Bay Park by Mr. M. R. Harrington, and now in the American Museum of Natural History, shows a series of holes bored in the top, suggesting that it may have been used as a rattle.

Deer antlers, both in fragments and entire, worked and unworked, are found in great abundance, in all shell heaps. Where whole antlers are found, they usually show the marks of the stone ax or other implements used to detach them from the skull of the deer. Cut antler prongs, points broken from the main shaft, and others partially hollowed and sharpened, show the process of manufacture of antler arrow points. These are characteristic of this area. They

are usually conical in shape, hollowed to secure the shaft, and sometimes with one or more barbs at the base. Some of them have been cut so that they are diamond shaped in cross section. The shaft is fitted into the hollowed socket at the base of these points. A large number have been found at Burial Ridge, Tottenville, Staten Island.

Cylinders cut from antler, or antler tines rounded at the ends, are not infrequent, and were probably used in flaking arrow points. One broken cylinder or pin, with a neatly carved head, was found on the Bowman's Brook site at Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island.

Pottery stamps, made of antler, bone, or wood, were used, judging by the regular decorations found on many pottery sherds. One antler stamp was found by Mr. M. R. Harrington in a shell heap at Dosoris, Glen Cove, Long Island, and is now in the collection of the American Museum of Natural History.

Trade Articles

In spite of the frequent mention by the old writers of the barter of European goods to the savages, is very small. A few round-socketed iron tomahawks, and brass or copper arrow points triangular in shape, cut from the sheet metal or old kettles, a little porcelain, a few gun flints, bullets, glass beads, and a few Dutch clay pipes are all that have been recorded. The old pipes usually had small bowls and are stamped

"R. T." or "R. Tippet" on the bowl. No reasonable explanation can be given for the rarity of these articles.

Indian Sites

These vestiges of Indian occupation which are accessible to the public at large consist of shell heaps, cemeteries, village sites and rock shelters, and the location of the most important of these is included in this chapter. There are many others of less importance, and doubtless some large sites which have not yet been recorded.

Manhattan Borough

All remaining traces of aboriginal occupation on Manhattan Island are situated on the upper end of the Island in the vicinity of Inwood and Spuyten Duyvil Creek. The most important of these are the shell heaps and rock shelter at Inwood. The rock shelter is located at the base of the bluff, and nearby is a shell heap of considerable size which has not yet been thoroughly excavated, although many hundreds of specimens have been taken from it.

Not far away, to the east, on the other side of the woods are a series of fields, all of which have yielded indisputable signs of Indian occupation. In the quadrangle bounded by Seaman Avenue, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Academy Streets shell pits, both human and dog burials, and many scattered implements have been discovered. In addition numerous revolutionary

relics, gun flints, soldiers' and officers' buttons, and the like have been unearthed.

On the river bank at 213th Street once stood the "Century House," or Nagel homestead, and there is some evidence to show that the log cabin of Tobias Teunissen, who was murdered by the Indians, formerly occupied the site. At this place Messrs. Bolton and Calver have unearthed many splendid relics, including a fine "banner stone" or ceremonial, a grooved axe, a bone needle, and minor specimens galore. Not far from here, near the corner of 214th Street and 10th Avenue, Mr. W. L. Calver discovered a perfect pottery vessel, now in the collection of the American Museum of Natural History. The jar, a splendid example of the typical Iroquoian type, measures thirteen inches in diameter, and is about eighteen inches high. It was found lying on one side, about eighteen inches from the surface and part of it was actually exposed.

The Bronx and Westchester

There are the sites of numerous ancient encampments in Pelham Bay Park, and of these one of the most interesting lies near "Jack's Rock." This kitchen midden was explored by Mr. M. R. Harrington for the American Museum of Natural History in 1899. There were but few specimens recovered in the shell heap itself, but in some old fire and refuse pits nearby many interesting stone and bone implements were found. The sandy knolls nearby had been used as

burial places by the Siwanoys, and several of their skeletons were found, and close by was some excellent pottery.

From the street car line between Bartow and City Island two large glacial boulders may be seen on a knoll just south of the road. Beyond this, extending down into the salt meadow, is a shell heap as yet only partially explored. Stone and bone implements and potsherds have been found.

Within the city limits, at Wier Creek Point, on Throgg's Neck, not far from Westchester, is a very deep and old shell heap. Mr. M. R. Harrington found some strange "lozenge-shaped" arrow points of a crude type and some archaic looking pottery in the lowest layers of the midden, nearly forty inches down. Part of a pottery vessel with a square bottom, a very unusual shape indeed hereabouts, was also found. Mr. Ernest Volk has found part of a vessel of similar shape at Trenton, New Jersey, under conditions which seemed to show considerable age. A bead of native copper, rude hammerstones, bone and antler tools were also discovered. Many of the objects were encrusted with shell lime. There were numerous hearths and ash-beds, but few pits. Indeed the nearest typical pits are on the grounds of the Century Golf Club, some distance away. In one of these a small stone cyst was found at the bottom, and in this were the bones of two puppies, and a quantity of deer bones and sturgeon scales.

There are shell heaps and village sites all along the Hudson River, and on some of the fresh water lakes in the interior of Westchester County there are small shell heaps, and one of fresh water shells on the north shore of Little Rye Pond held a quantity of the usual implements.

Rock shelters have been found throughout the hilly part of Westchester County. The best known of these is "Finch's Rock House," about two a half miles northeast of Armonk. A cavern has been made by a large mass of rock which fell away from the face of the ledge making a cave twenty-three feet long, and ten feet wide. This rock shelter, when excavated, yielded a large quantity of implements, bones, and pottery, all of which are now in the collection of the American Museum.

On the upper part of Bear Gutter Brook, which runs into Kensico Lake, are two shelters known as Helicker's and Little Helicker's Caves. Another is near Nebo, and more are along Byram Brook. Still others are across the line in Connecticut.

Long Island

In the sandy fields near Aqueduct and Canarsie, arrow points and potsherds may be picked up in some quantities, and there were formerly many sites where Brooklyn now stands.

At Port Washington, nearly opposite Pelham Bay Park, across the Sound, once stood a large Indian

Village near the mouth of a salt creek on what is now the land of the Goodwin Sand Company. The main midden is two hundred feet or more in diameter, and about a foot deep. Not far away Mr. M. R. Harrington opened over one hundred shell and refuse pits, in which he found interesting remains, and many skeletons. Two adults, a child and an adult, or two or three children were sometimes found in one grave. Three shell beads were found around the neck or one baby, and above it lay the remains of a large dog which seemed to have been buried alive with its little master.

On a bed of shells was found the skeleton of a grown person, and below it the bones of a puppy. An arrow point lay between its ribs, as though it had been killed and buried that its spirit might accompany its master to the "Happy Hunting Grounds." One skeleton was headless, with its battered skull some distance away; and the skull of another was broken in as by the blow from a war club. Many of the graves had had watch fires kindled over them, judging by the ashes that were found. With these remains were several broken pots, many fragments, and one nearly perfect vessel. Stone and bone implements were discovered, and part of a pottery pipe moulded in the form of a human face.

In the vicinity of Oyster Bay and about Center Island and along Millneck Creek toward Bayville and Locust Valley, at Matinecock, and many other places

are numerous shell heaps. On Peter's Creek, a branch of Millneck Creek near Matinecock, is a large shell heap in which stone and bone implements, a grooved axe, and a polished gorget have been found.

At Glen Cove, on Mr. James G. Price's property at Dosoris, is a shell heap forty-one inches deep. Human bones and many implements have been found. Here there was a large number of the broken inner whorls of the conch, showing that this had been a great place for the manufacture of white wampum. Mr. Price has a splendid collection of Indian implements found on the farm.

Richmond Borough

Staten Island is perhaps better known to archaeologists than any other part of the Greater City, for there practically every Indian site has been located and examined, although quite a number have not been much explored. There are twenty-five or six sites on the island, of which the most important are the following.

At Mariner's Harbor, beginning about half a mile south of the railroad station of that name and running north to Bowman's Point, there are traces of prolonged occupation in every field. Fire cracked stones, flint chips, potsherds, and implements may be picked up anywhere. Two places in particular, however, deserve special mention.

On South Avenue just opposite the Arlington Sta-

tion of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad, is what remains of a large, low sandy knoll, most of which has been dug away. In May, 1902, the writer opened half a dozen shell pits and found several bone and antler implements and some typical Algonkin pottery, fragments of a number of pottery pipes, stone arrow points, scrapers, a mortar, and other things. A broken pestle, a grooved ax, and a grooved adze were also collected nearby. In the fields around about two broken banner stones, grooved axes, a celt, and a large quantity of arrow heads have been picked up.

Near the mouth of Bowman's Brook, or — as it is also called — Newton's Creek, or Dehart's Brook — on the grounds of Milliken Brothers steel plant, was the largest Hackensack village on Staten Island. When the plant was erected in 1903, pits, fireplaces, and graves were exposed wholesale by the digging operations. A large number of these were destroyed, but the writer opened many and saved their contents.

The abundance of potsherds on this site was remarkable, and the earthenware varied greatly in quality and design. Most of the specimens were of the ordinary Algonkin type, but some showed the influence of the Iroquois in their raised rims and constricted necks. On one vessel curious little knobs occurred on which the human face was represented by three incised lines — two for the eyes and one for the mouth, a unique form in this neighborhood.

At Old Place, at Watchogue, at Chelsea, Linoleumville, and Lake's Island — in fact, wherever there is sandy soil bordering on the salt meadow, the Indians formerly had their abode, and any such place on Staten Island, along the Kill side, is sure to yield at least a few relics, if carefully searched.

Extensive shell mounds may still be seen at Tottenville all along the bluff below the old Billop House. Here is the famous sandy knoll known as Burial Ridge, in which so many skeletons and fine specimens have been found. The first record we have of the finding of human remains here is in 1858, when Mr. Joel Cole's workmen discovered a number of skeletons while digging a foundation. With one of the bodies was a quantity of implements, including a grooved axe that weighed twelve pounds. Five years later, while digging the foundation for an addition sixteen feet square, twenty more skeletons were found.

From that time on frequent explorations were made, many of which were successful. Mr. George H. Pepper discovered many skeletons and a number of interesting specimens. A stone gorget, shell beads, and a splendid stone pipe accompanied the body of one baby, and in and among the bones of three warriors were no less than twenty-three arrow points of bone, antler, and stone, some of which were still fast in the bones of the ancient savages.

New Jersey

Very few sites have been reported from nearby New

Jersey, though they are numerous thereabouts. At Morgan's Station, at the mouth of Cheesequakes Creek, where it empties into Raritan Bay directly opposite Tottenville, is an immense shell heap, or series of shell heaps. It is said that there is a large cemetery near-by in which many relics have been found with the skeletons.

At Constable Hook, Bayonne, behind the Standard Oil works, there are a number of shell pits, and numerous net sinkers and arrow points are to be picked up. In Passiac and Morris counties there are a large number of sites, and rock shelters are common in the mountains.

The student who cares to pursue the matter further may find a more detailed account of the Indian sites in the vicinity of New York in Volume III of the Anthropological papers of the American Museum of Natural History, or in a pamphlet entitled "The Aboriginal Occupation of New York," by Rev. William N. Beauchamp, Bulletin 32 of the New York State Museum, published at Albany, N. Y.

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